UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

VOLUME II

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DREAM

Dream, ruler in the shadows of the Greater SMP kingdom, is mysterious and unpredictable. He will stop at nothing to get what he wants. His unpredictable personality causes him to act in seemingly contradictory ways at times, but it is all for one greater goal: control.

"DREAM WANTS ONLY ONE THING, TO STIR THE POT AND DISRUPT THE STATUS QUO."

TECHNO

The Greater SMP, L'manberg, & other existing factions constantly find themselves at each other's (& their own) throats over control. Others, like Technoblade, want nothing but anarchy. Techno is an extremely experienced fighter with a name for violently overthrowing governments. He is by far the strongest warrior to ever descend upon the land. He also has a mysterious devotion to a "Blood God."

"TECHNO HAS NEVER STRAYED FROM THIS [ANARCHIST] IDEAL AND NEVER WILL. HE WILL MAKE/LOSE FRIENDS AROUND THIS IDEA AND WON'T CARE."

TUBBO

Being timid and more of a pacifist than those he allies himself with, Tubbo finds himself as the voice of reason more often than not. He tends to think through his circumstances more than his crass counterpart. This nature earns Tubbo more allies than enemies; the only reason he is involved in so many conflicts is due to his close friends.

"NO MATTER THE SITUATION OR HIS OWN OPINIONS ON LEADERSHIP, HE WILL ALWAYS FOLLOW THE CODES AND CONDUCTS HE BELIEVES IN: UPHOLDING THE LAWS OF HIS NATION."

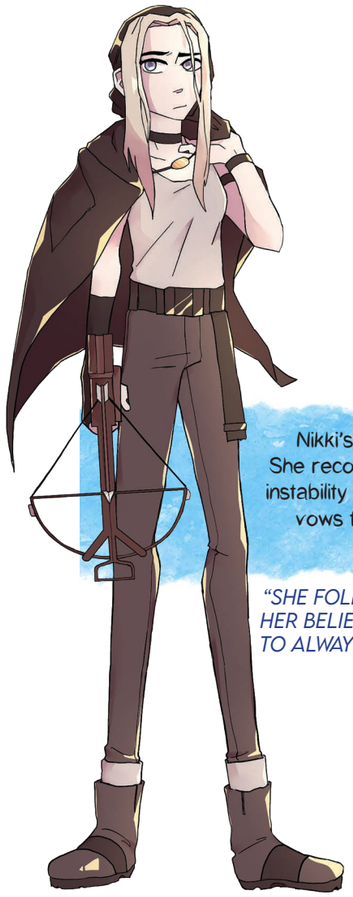
TOMMY

Almost every word in the book to describe "arrogant" can be applied to Tommy. Brash and reckless, his first solution to any problem is fighting. Behind his conceited exterior, however, is a very sentimental person with a genuine love for all those he considers friends.

"TOMMY MAY SEEM LAWFUL ON THE SURFACE (DUE TO HIS KEEN UNDERSTANDING OF THE CODES AND CONVENTIONS THAT HE MUST FOLLOW), THOUGH HE STILL FLIPS HIS VALUES RADICALLY BASED ON TINY NON-EMOTIONAL CHANGES IN HIS ENVIRONMENT."

SAPNAP

Dream has very few close friends, and Sapnap considers himself to be one of them. As the self-proclaimed long-time companion of Dream, Sapnap follows his friend's every word. He never questions orders from Dream because often they include burning and killing, both of which are things Sapnap is very passionate about.



NIKKI

Nikki's dream is to one day open a bakery and flower shop. She recognizes, however, that the Greater SMP is in a time of instability and turmoil. After joining the ranks of L'manberg, she vows to protect her home so she might one day realize her dream of roses and freshly baked pastries.

"SHE FOLLOWS HER OWN OPINIONS AND FINDS STRENGTH IN HER BELIEFS. SHE IS VERY VERBAL IN HER VALUES AND TENDS TO ALWAYS LEAN TOWARDS WHAT IS RIGHT—FRIENDSHIP AND THE BELIEF OF A FREE NATION."

PUNZ

Punz is an experienced mercenary who strictly follows the money. Although his skills with the bow could easily make him a powerful warrior who fights for a cause, he has little interest in such things. Currently, he serves the Greater SMP due to the immense fortune it provides him.

GEORGE

Being favored by Dream has its perks. Although George is a member of the Greater SMP's main army, he rarely gets involved. He is permitted to slack off and sleep on the job as much as he wants. Luckily for George, his favorite activities include slacking off and sleeping. Although Dream's behavior toward him seems relatively lighthearted, his motive is, as always, unclear.

SCHLATT

Schlatt is a new face in politics with a dangerously severe alcohol addiction to match. Although he holds strange ideals at times, people often herald him as an effective leader. He also appears to be a past acquaintance of Wilbur.

"SCHLATT FOLLOWS ONE CREED; "[IF I AM] ELECTED FAIRLY, I WILL RULE UNTIL I LOSE THE NEXT ELECTION". HE USES THIS POWER MALEVOLENTLY TO ASSERT DOMINANCE AND PUNISH REBELLIOUS FACTIONS."

QUACKITY

Although L'manberg is strict about outsiders, Quackity's connections and persuasive personality allowed him entry. His silver tongue is indicative of a career in politics. He believes he knows the best way to lead a country, and will govern according to his ideals and his alone. Although Quackity is smart and knows how to use people, his goals are relatively pure. He genuinely wants to leave the country better than how he found it.

"HE ONLY WANTS A KINDER, MORE PEACEFUL WORLD AND HE WILL FOLLOW HIS OWN PATH TO REACH IT, IGNORING POSSIBLE DISSENT FROM BIASED ANGLES."

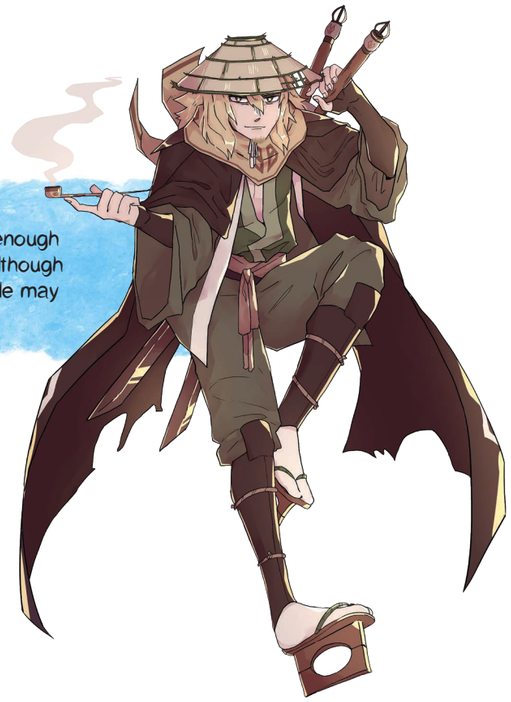
ERET

As one of the first people to join the revolution, Eret is a close friend of Wilbur's. Eret is relatively secretive about their identity, and their comrades know very little about them.

"ERET WANTS ONLY TO SUCCEED IN HIS WORLD. HE IS SATISFIED ONLY WHEN HE IS SUCCEEDING (SOMETHING HE DOES WELL)."

PHIL

Philza, known as just "Phil", is as old as he is strong. He is known for his incredible survival instincts and is powerful enough to hold his own in battle. Phil is also the father of Wilbur. Although the father and son duo rarely see each other, Phil's lifestyle may have inspired Wilbur's rebellious tendencies.



WILBUR

Wilbur, as one might expect from the head of a new nation and revolution, is a natural leader. He is a beacon of light for those that follow him in his endeavors to rebel against the higher powers. But beyond the cool, calculated and mature exterior lie motives and beliefs much more selfish than the revolutionary lets on...

"WILBUR IS THE ARCHETYPE OF A MAN WHO [HAS] GREAT POWER AND WHO, [UPON LOSING IT] DUE TO HIS OWN POOR CHOICES AND NEGLIGENCE, SEES DESTRUCTION AS HIS RATIFICATION."

FUNDY

Fundy is the son of Wilbur and thus a contributor to his revolution. Fundy is more apathetic toward the outcome of the war due to his relationship with Wilbur. After the loss of Fundy's mother and Fundy bearing witness to Wilbur's true nature, their relationship is somewhat strained.

"FUNDY IS BOUND ONLY BY HIS OWN WANT FOR ACCEPTANCE. HE FOLLOWS NO LAWS OR STATUTES BUT STILL STRIVES FOR ONE THING: TO BE LOVED BY AN AUTHORITY."

THE GREATER SMP

As the current power over the surrounding region, the Greater SMP is a kingdom consisting of most of the citizens and characters outside of L'manberg. Although a king supposedly rules over the Greater SMP, most of its militaristic actions are taken by its leader in the shadows, Dream. His four man army currently consists of himself, George, Sapnap, and the hired mercenary Punz.

L'MANBERG

L'manberg is a revolutionary group consisting of its founder and current leader, Wilbur Soot, and the soldiers who fight for the self-proclaimed country. Fundy, Eret, Tommy, and Tubbo are L'manberg's dedicated soldiers, later to be joined by others like Nikki and Jack Manifold. The country had been founded to fight against the Greater SMP's tyrannical hold of its citizens. L'manberg's core belief lies in strict, unadulterated freedom. Its ranks mainly include people who were negatively affected by Dream in some way.

The Festival

our empty fields and canals 'round I'mantree

with sweat and tears we armed our ranks

we laid foundations in our land

and from every lip from here up to infinity

MANBERG
OCTOBER 16TH
FIREWORKS!
EVERYONE IS INVITED!

YOU ARE INVITED
to the Manberg Festival
16th of October
2020
Tubbo
CITIZENS AND FRIENDS!
WELCOME TO THE FESTIVAL OF MANBERG!
LAFD
WE CAN BOX IT OUT!
CHECK THIS OUT!
!
YOU WANNA FIGHT?
DOES THIS BRING YOU SOME GOOD MEMORIES, TECHNO?
OH, I WANNA FIGHT.
A GOOD OL' FIST-FIGHT!

3!
2!
1!
BONG

WE HAVE A WINNER!

Y'KNOW WHAT, I'LL GO!

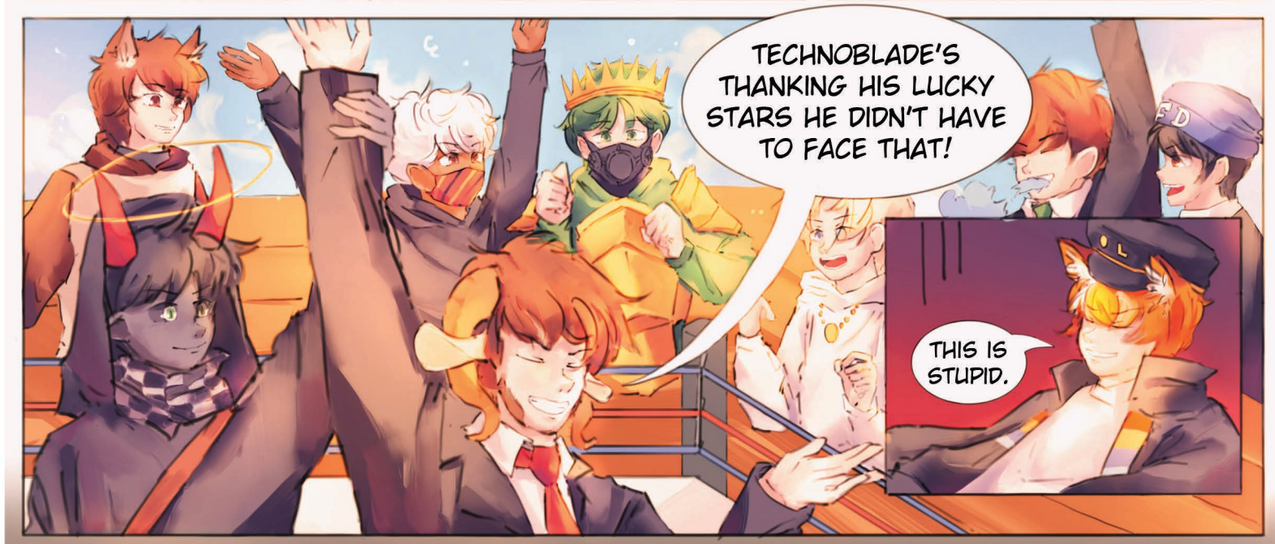
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BEAT UP A CHILD!
LAFD

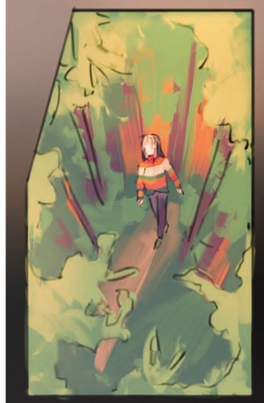
LAFD

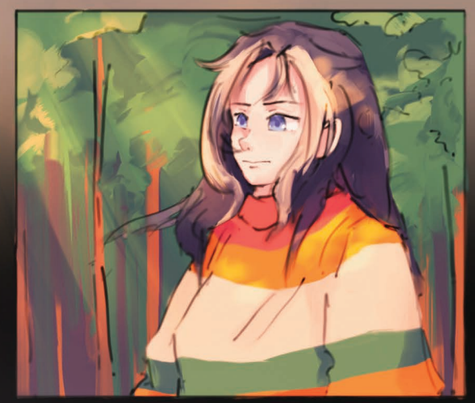
QUACKITY!
I JUST LOST TWO CABBAGES BECAUSE OF YOU!

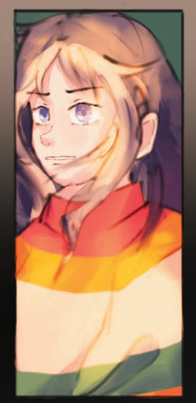
WAIT-

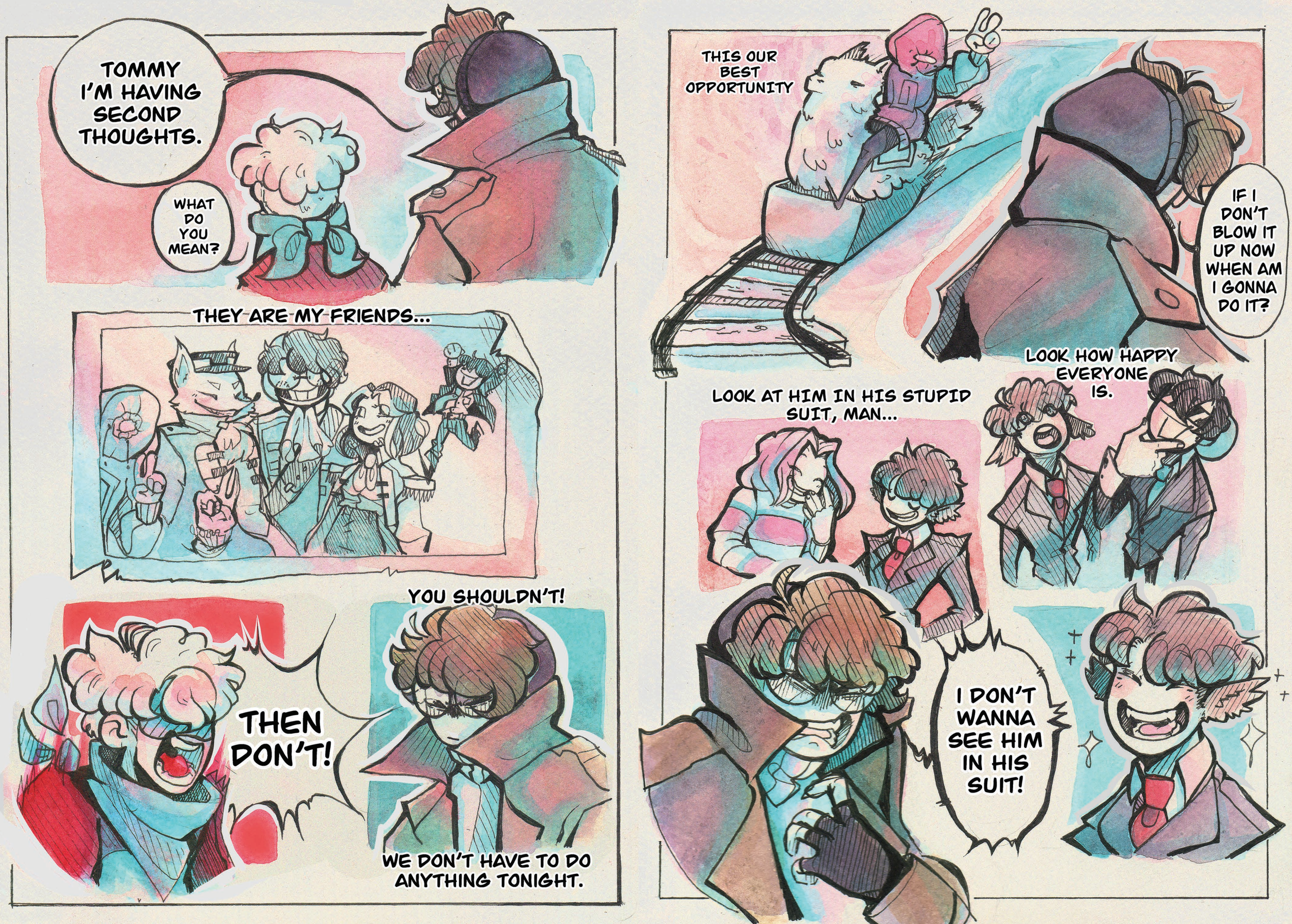
YOU- PUT THAT AWAY!!


TECHNOBLADE'S THANKING HIS LUCKY STARS HE DIDN'T HAVE TO FACE THAT!
THIS IS STUPID.








TOMMY I'M HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THEY ARE MY FRIENDS...
YOU SHOULDN'T!
THEN DON'T!
WE DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING TONIGHT.
THIS OUR BEST OPPORTUNITY
IF I DON'T BLOW IT UP NOW WHEN AM I GONNA DO IT?
LOOK AT HIM IN HIS STUPID SUIT, MAN...
LOOK HOW HAPPY EVERYONE IS.
I DON'T WANNA SEE HIM IN HIS SUIT!

20? WAIT

20 PIECES OF TNT?!

JUST UNDER SCHLATT'S CHAIR

WHAT'S GOING ON?

ABOUT WHAT?

I'M HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS

TUBBO IS HE A GOOD LEADER?

SCHLATT?

JUST SAY IT HONESTLY

AS A FRIEND TO A FRIEND, HE'S MADE SOME POSITIVE IMPROVEMENTS BUT HE HAS SOME STRANGE IDEALS.

BUT IS THAT GOOD ENOUGH

TO MURDER?

TUBBO

ARE YOU HAPPIER?

UUUM... DEFINETLY NOT MORE SO THEN WHEN YOU GUYS WERE IN CHARGE...

YOU THINK THAT WE SHOULD BLOW IT ALL UP?

TUBBO THINK FOR YOURSELF!!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BLOW IT UP.

I THINK THERE'S OTHER APPROACHES.

YEAH!

THANK YOU!!

HE'S RIGHT WILBUR!

HE'S RIGHT!!!

THANK YOU

TUBBO LOOK

I'M GIVING YOU THE IGNITION

DON'T WORRY

GO, JOIN THEM
...
TUBBO
YEAH?
BE SAFE

OK! SEE YOU IN A BIT!

A WISE MAN ONCE TOLD ME THAT MANBERG WAS LIKE A LETTUCE.

THERES SO MANY LAYERS OF TASTY GOODNESS, AND ONCE YOU WASH OFF ALL THE CATERPILLARS AND WORMS OFF THE SURFACE ITS A PRETTY GOD DAMN GOOD PLACE.

SCHLATT HAS SUCCESSFULLY WASHED ALL OF THE INSECTS OFF OF OUR GREAT NATION.

AND WITH THAT HES ALLOWED THE TASTYNESS AND GOODNESS SHINE THROUGH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN I WANT YOU TO LOOK AROUND AT WHAT WE BUILT TODAY, AT EACH OTHER. ALL OF THIS THANKS TO DEMOCRACY AND THE LEADERSHIP OF JSCHLATT

THIS FESTIVAL IS ABOUT DEMOCRACY, OUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN BEATEN DOWN BY DICTATORS, BY ROYALS AND NOW WE ARE FINALLY FREE.

FREE TO ELECT WHO WE WANT, FREE TO LIVE HOW WE WANT, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY ` FREE TO GO WHERE EVER WE WANT WITHOUT THE CONFINE OF THOSE BLACK WALLS.

AND WITH THAT IN MIND I WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE FOR COMING TO THIS EV-

HEHE...

NO, IT'S JUST- I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT IT TUBBO.

SCHLATT?

YOU KNOW HOW WE LIKE TO HAVE FUN.

YOU GOT ANYTHING ELSE IN THE SPEECH?

UHM... NO?

JUST-

LET THE FESTIVAL BEGIN!

QUACKITY.
YES SIR!
?!
CACHINK

TUBBO. IT REALLY SUCKS TO DO THIS.
TUBBO I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO.

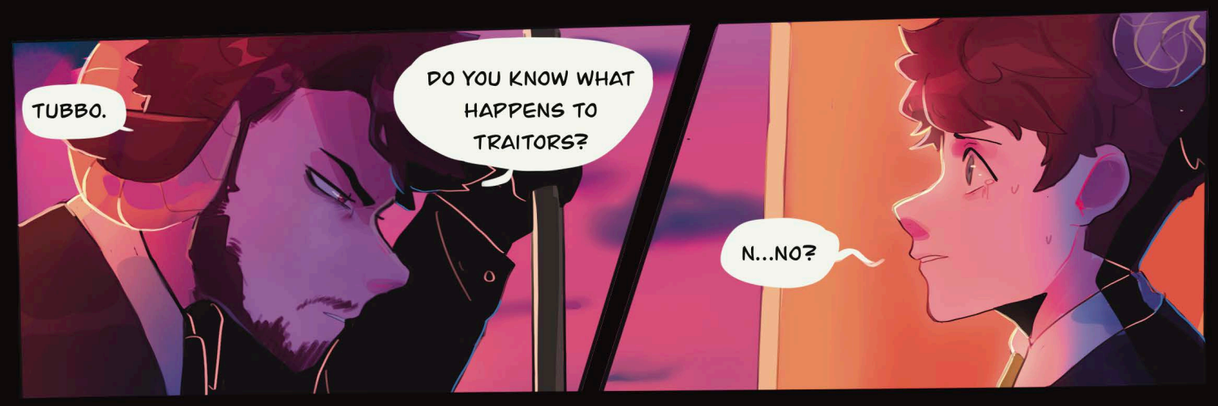
YOU'VE BEEN CONSPIRING WITH THE TYRANTS THAT WE KICKED OUT OF THIS COUNTRY

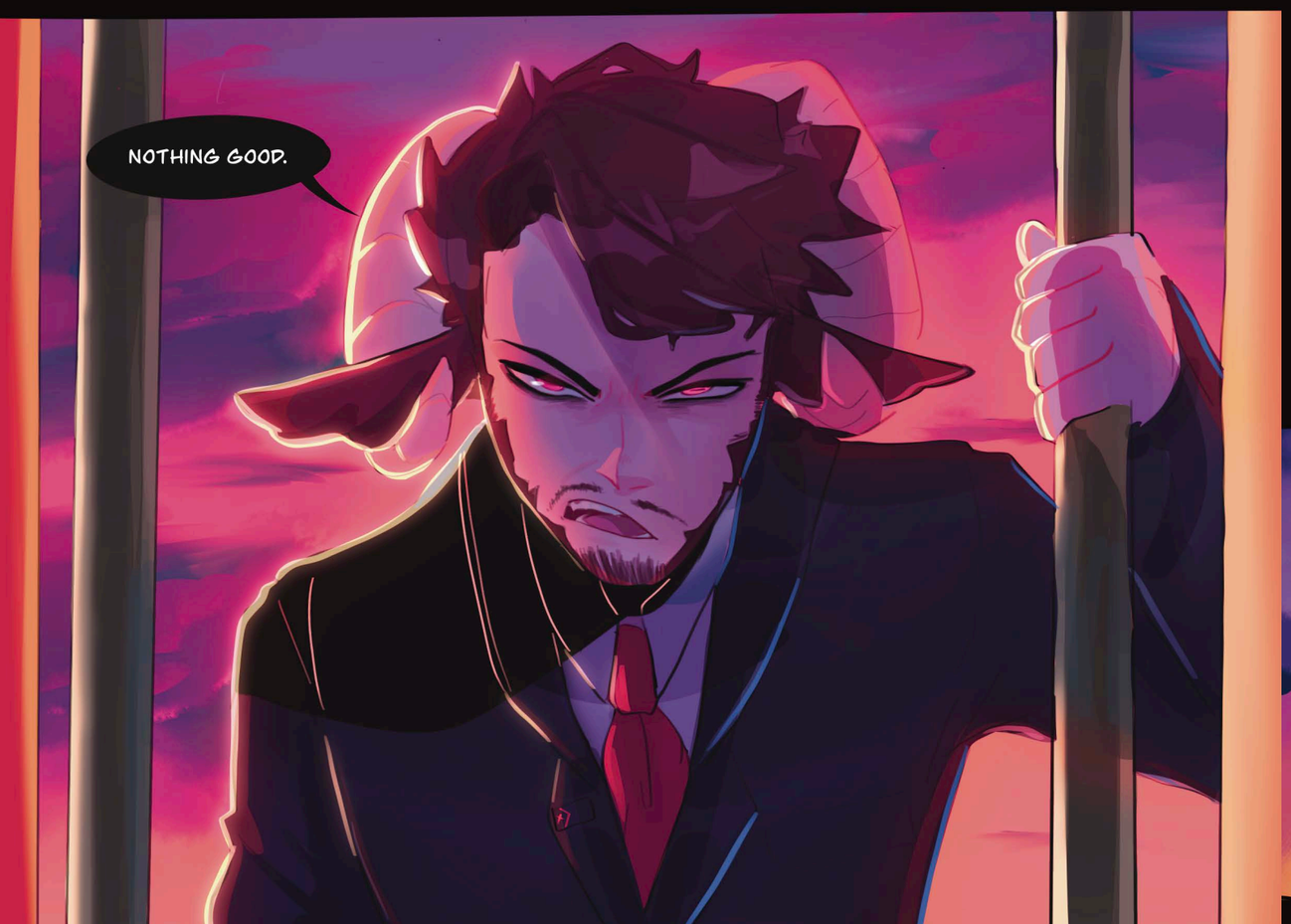
MONTHS AGO.

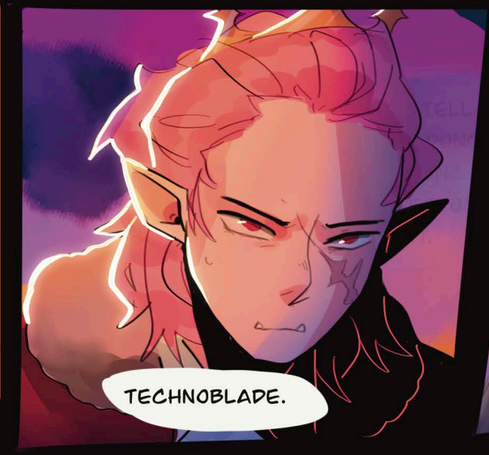
TREASON ISN'T EXACTLY RESPECTABLE AROUND HERE.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING IT ALL ADDS UP

THE TUNNELS.
YOUR ABSENCES DURING GREAT EVENTS.
YOU EVEN WALKED OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS ONE!

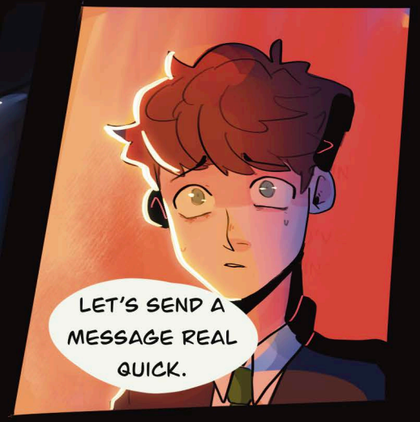
DON'T TRY AND TELL ME THAT YOU'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG. BECAUSE EVERYONE KNOWS IT.
I'VE SEEN IT WITH MY OWN TWO EYES WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING.


TUBBO.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO TRAITORS?
N...NO?


NOTHING GOOD.


TECHNOBLADE.

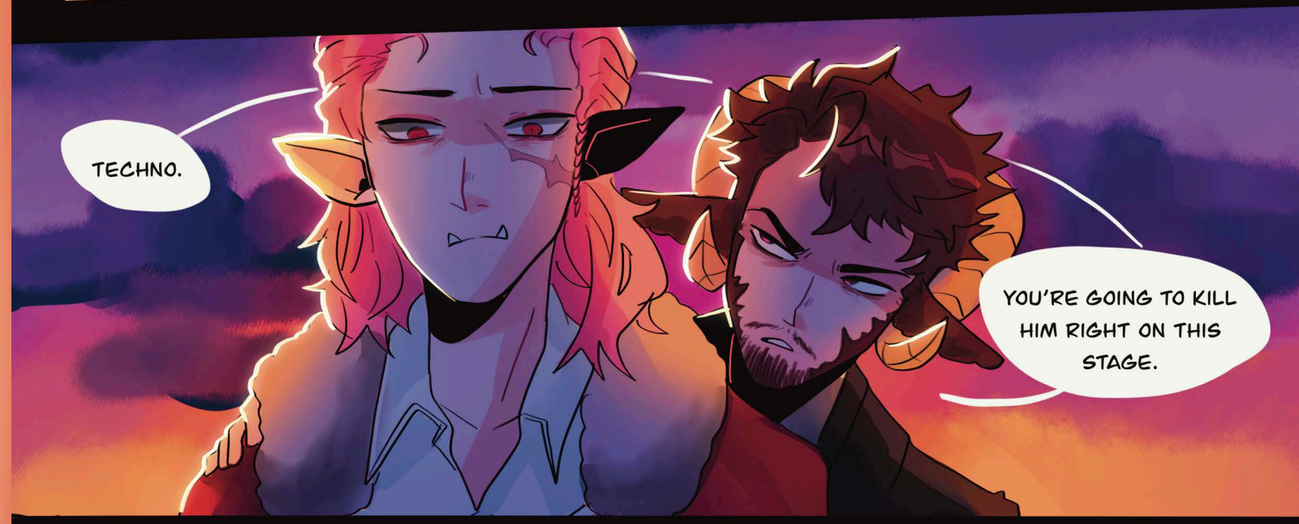
YOU WANNA COME UP HERE FOR A SECOND BUDDY

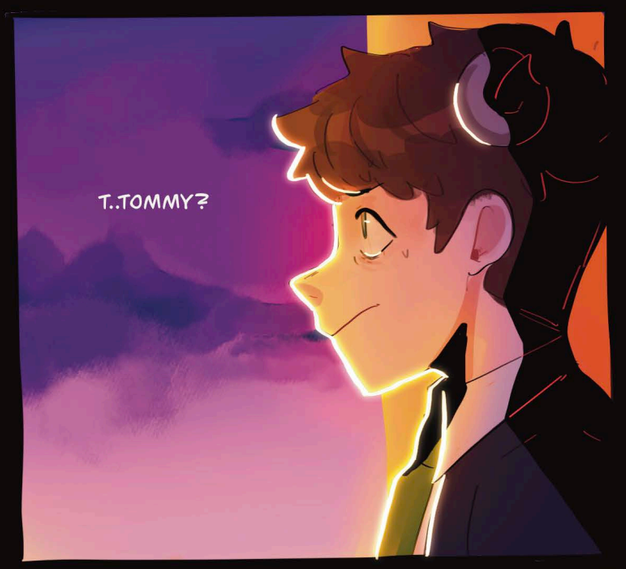

LET'S SEND A MESSAGE REAL QUICK.

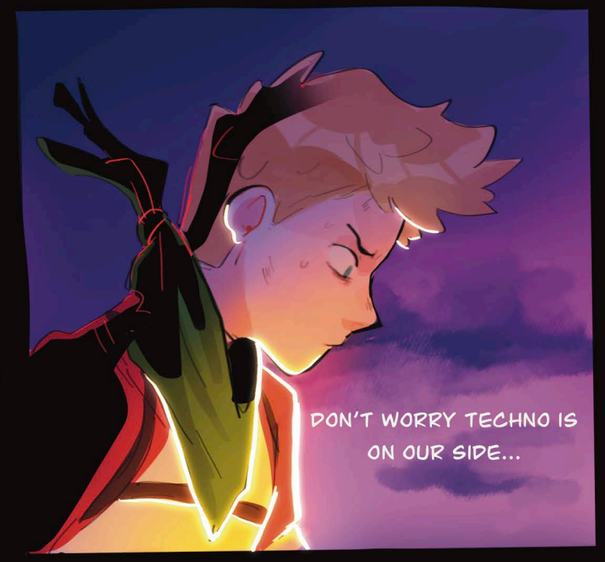
NOW THAT WE HAVE TUBBO IN THAT TUBBOX
I NEED YOU TO TAKE HIM OUT.
LIKE...TO EAT?

TECHNOBLADE PLEASE, IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO TAKE CARE OF HIM

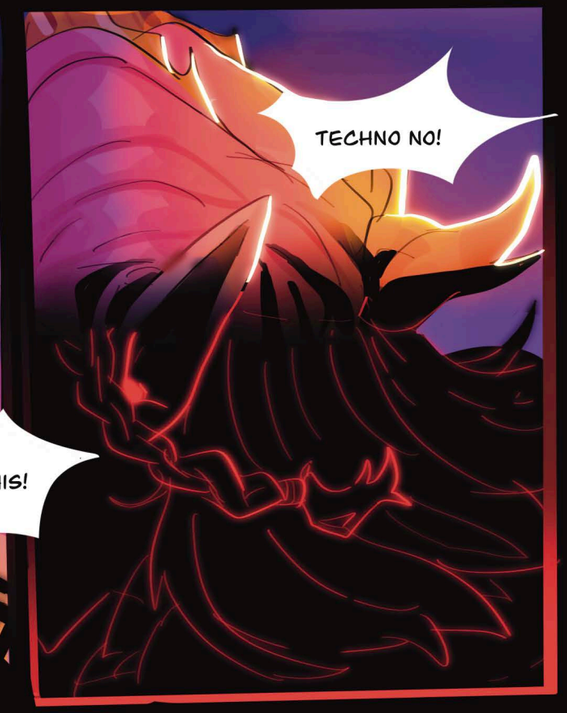
WHAT ARE YOU ASKING SCHLATT?

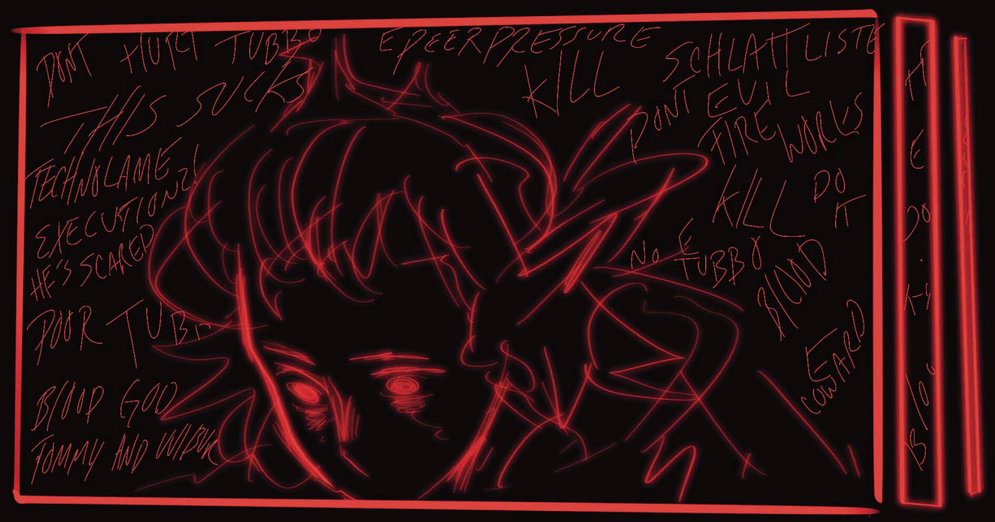

TECHNO.
YOU'RE GOING TO KILL HIM RIGHT ON THIS STAGE.


T..TOMMY?


DON'T WORRY TECHNO IS ON OUR SIDE...

HE'S JUST A CHILD!
SCHLATT DON'T DO THIS!


TECHNO NO!


DONT HURT TUBBO
PEER PRESSURE
THIS SUCKS
KILL SCHLATT LISTE
DONT EVIL
TECHNOLAME
FIRE WORKS
EXECUTION!
KILL DO IT
HE'S SCARED
NO TUBBO
POOR TUB
BLOOD
BLOOD GOD
COWARD
TOMMY AND WILBU
BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD

TUBBO I'M SORRY.

T-TECHNOBLADE?

I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT PAINLESS

BUTTON
BUTTON
BUTTON
BUTTON
BUTTON
BUTTON-
GASP

TOMMY GO!
TOMMY GO!
TOMMY GO!
LANDS
TUBBO!!!
JUMPS
WORRY
TOMMY?
HAHAHA-
KILL EVERYONE!
WHAT IS HAPPENING?!
HAAH-
HAAH-
WAIT....
HOLD UP-
OUTTA HERE!
LAFD
EVERYONE AFTER TOMMYINNIT!
LAFD
JESUS CHRIST-
-CONFUSED-
WHERE IS THE BUTTON?
TSK
RUMMAGE
WHERE THE HELL IS THE BUTTON?!

STEP
STEP
STEP
GONE-
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
WHERE'S THE BUTTON? WHERE'S THE BUTTON?
WHERE IS THE DAMN BUTTON?!!
HAHAHA...
HA...
STEP
STEP
HA...
IT'S...
IT'S GONE...
REALLY GONE...

TUBBO!

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED ?!

HEY WAKE UP BIG MAN!
CAN YOU HEAR ME?!
FUCK THERE'S SO MUCH BLOOD ...

GOD ...
TOO MUCH BLOOD ...
BLOOD ...
BLOOD ...

HOW COULD YOU?!

ARE YOU FUCKED IN THE HEAD OR SOME SHIT?!

WHAT THE HELL DID HE DO TO YOU?!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE-

CLICK

ON OUR SIDE ...

HEY TECHNO ...

WHAT ARE ...

YOU DOING?

HAHA ... HAHA HA!!

Afterglow

RIKEN

Fading sunlight crests above the makeshift podium, illuminating the scene. It sends a shudder running through Niki's body. She tries to swallow, but her throat is like sandpaper and her fingers are colder than subzero. There's a strange tang of sharpness in the air— a mix of iron and scorched earth, of tears and the aftermath of shock that still lingers in the air like the tension a sky holds before a storm.

She grits her teeth, counts to three, and forces her eyes open. Tears bubble at the corner of her eyes. It hurts like hell, but she's alive. Gunpowder dusts the scene like volcanic ash, and she is not spared of it— her fingers look more clay than flesh and blood.

Tubbo's sprawled at the edge of the precipice, makeshift prison melted around his body. Half of his suit is burned, and blood is crusted in a morbid halo around his head. His eyes, once a luminous green, is now a dull shade of moss. The beginnings of a maelstrom of anger spark in the woman's chest, an uncomfortable white hot sear. She turns away and looks behind her. At the tip of a building stands an eerily familiar person.

Wilbur. She sees Tommy, too, frozen in shock with what looks like premature anger blooming through his bared teeth. Techno's nowhere to be seen. The rest of the festival attendees are still around her like dropped flies. The woman reaches out. For a moment, they lock gazes. Wilbur's eyes are so, so *tired* and filled with a rage that surprises her. He doesn't smile and instead turns to walk away. Tommy follows Wilbur's sight and spots Niki, freezing again.

Now she clenches her fists.

Schlatt's crumpled in a heap near Tubbo's prison, but he's one of the first to get on his feet. The man catches Niki's furious gaze and has the audacity to crack a sardonic smile. The hot streaks of anger coalesce on her face in liquid fire, tears spotting the pavement below.

The president of Manberg makes another speech. Niki does not comprehend a single word that leaks out between the man's teeth— besides, who was there to listen except the people scattered like dead leaves, barely conscious from the firework attack?

The woman finds herself gazing straight at Schlatt.

"You—! How *could* you? You...you *killed* him."

Tubbo's chest is barely rising and falling.

"Yeah, I did, Niki. I did *fucking* kill him. The hell you want?" The president's voice is low, threatening.

Her threadbare patience snaps, and she takes purposefully angry strides towards him. A small voice in the back of her mind is screaming to back off, that whatever she's doing is bad, and irrational, and—

—but looking back at Tubbo's body, so devoid of vitality and hope that formerly encapsulated the boy's countenance just feeds the flames.

"After everything he's done for you— helping the country, sacrificing his friendship with Tommy for *you*, you repay him like *this*?"

Schlatt just eyes her as if she's an inconvenient smudge on a mirror, so Niki isn't surprised at his next words.

"You have just been a thorn in my side ever since I assumed office, Niki."

The rest is white noise and she stands in a daze as someone pushes past her— someone with a trench coat that blots out the light from the moon above. *Will*. He stands slightly taller than Schlatt and tilts his head.

"You actually murdered Tubbo."

The crack in his voice betrays his stony mien.

"I thought you were a shitty leader, but it turns out you're even worse than I thought," Schlatt laughs, all throaty and careless and dismissive. Wilbur opens his mouth to speak again, but Schlatt cuts him off. "Yeah, yeah, Loverboy, *kill-me-instead* martyr this and that. I'm not gonna kill anyone else— do you really see me as *that* evil?"

Footsteps cease behind Niki. "Yeah," Techno drones. Niki nearly jumps at how silent the anarchist comes; though wariness has already settled into the crevices of her being upon seeing the individual.

Schlatt scoffs. "Shut up, Techno. I was gonna continue the festivities, but seeing as your stomachs are all curdled and woozy, maybe you should just get lost. You *were* kinda rude, anyways— coming to *my* festival when you were not even invited to just cry? Do you understand how goddamn stupid your actions are? Nothing has been achieved in your benefit. Nothing will."

"You— you looked like you were out for blood. You looked…" Wilbur swallows. "You looked like you were going to go for Niki next." Her veins ice over as she views Will's expression— all somber and devoid of any petulance.

The president of Manberg tugs at the cuffs of his tailored suit and takes his time to respond as casually as one would when having tea and discussing the weather. "Nah, just Tubbo. But seeing you're becoming more of a nuisance every second— yeah, maybe I will kill Niki."

Wilbur grabs her arm while not breaking eye contact with Schlatt. "*Niki*." His voice is raw with urgency. "Run. Run like your life depends on it. Run and never look back. Hell is empty and all the devils are *here*."

She locks eyes with him as he gives one last look back at her. The darkness that churns in the depths of his irises startle her.

The wind is kind, pushing her spine as she staggers to a passable standing position and sprints to an unknown destination. When she dares to look back, her heart drops through her stomach. The rest of the citizens of Manberg are bristling, beginning to step towards her like an angry swarm of bees. She searches their expressions for any source of comfort and finds none, save for Sam who casts an indecipherable stare at Schlatt's silhouette.

Then she realizes their anger is directed towards Techno who is already far ahead. Arrows pierce the cobblestone floor. Tommy yells something, voice already fading in the distance. A branch whips into her face and she exhales in pain, chest thrumming with paranoia.

If Niki's angry, she wonders what Tommy's feeling. What Wilbur's thinking, planning. *Who will bleed for their crimes next, or simply for their beliefs?* Sam's deep gaze flits through her mind again. *Who would administer their ideal justice?* She has a feeling it won't be just Schlatt.

They stumble through the forest like a ragtag group of renegades as the high-pitched whine of fireworks slice through the air. In the general direction of the wharf,

she sees beacons of red that illuminate the sky in bloody streaks. Wilbur shakes his head, still running next to her.

"It's Techno."

This is the first time he's spoken their companion's name since the massacre and Tubbo's execution. Wilbur's tone is stilted, careful. She wonders what he thinks. Wonders how close he is to snapping, if he hasn't already.

Tommy's waiting for them at the edge of a grassy hill, Tubbo's arms around his shoulders. The boy's eyes are like pinpricks of bright stars in the darkness, ablaze with an intensity Niki's only seen on Wilbur.

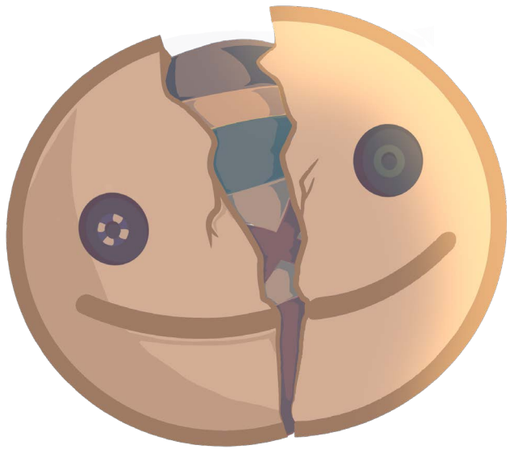
"We need to talk."

She finds herself, once again, staring into the boy's eyes. They are resolute, steel hewn from the forges of tragedy.

The woman's heart hardens. *You're one step closer to having those same eyes*, she tells herself. She should be scared— and she had been, facing the world and being exiled from the community she was once a part of.

Instead, her hands curl into fists, and this time they don't quiver.

"Yes, we do."



Descent

KRISS

Tubbo's breaths were shallow, sickeningly so against Tommy's ragged ones. The blonde struggled forward, lugging his injured, semi-conscious friend's weight towards the only home they had left. Any Manberg citizen they came across wouldn't hesitate to attack them again, and with the state Tubbo was in… His stomach dropped, and he picked up the pace.

Technoblade did this.

Technoblade did this to Tubbo.

"Tommy!" Wilbur's voice, tense and tired, broke through his thoughts. The once-president was as weather worn as his coat, and the fire that had always lit his eyes, that divine spark Tommy had always admired so, had been replaced by something quite different. And it was *not* something Tommy found he admired.

"We have to get back to Pogtopia, now," Wilbur panted. Niki flanked his side, equally shaken, equally resolute. "We're outnumbered and exposed out here, and Schlatt's on a rampage. He'll kill us all if he so much as lays eyes on us."

Tommy pursed his lips, well aware of what Wilbur's plans for the festival had been, and not sure if they were any better than Schlatt's. He pushed the thought aside, not willing to make such a conclusion yet. "I know. Let's go."

The group set off again, weaving through the trees and hills to where the entrance to their haven sat hidden. Tommy winced at the mix of hope and despair he felt upon seeing it.

As the group approached the entrance, and Wilbur made for the button to open the gate, a rustling in the bushes nearby startled them. Technoblade emerged from the underbrush.

There was a moment of tense silence before Tommy's composure cracked. Handing the still unconscious Tubbo over to Niki, he drew his sword and held the blade towards his traitor. Mud caked the lining of Techno's cloak and his face still bore the red stains where he'd hurriedly wiped Tubbo's blood from his cheeks. His sword was sheathed, but the hand resting on his hilt twitched, and his face dropped when he beheld Tubbo's

bloodied frame.

"Can I come in?" Technoblade's tone was stiff. Tommy's hands tightened on the hilt as his mixed emotions were swamped by an overwhelming one.

Murderer.

Next to him, Tommy felt Wilbur stiffen.

"Do you think you can just walk back here?" he hissed, his anger barely contained. "Technoblade, you were meant to be on our side!"

"You tried to kill Tubbo!" Tommy yelled, and Wilbur shot him a glance warningly. Gesturing for Niki to take Tubbo inside, Wilbur placed a hand on Tommy's shoulder, but the blonde pushed him aside. He took a step towards Techno. "What the fu—are you INSANE?"

"I—" Techno's voice was hesitant, almost shaking. "I am — listen. I am on your side. But I couldn't just jeopardize my position…"

"We're not safe out here." Pointing to the open Pogtopia gate, Wilbur gestured for Tommy and Techno to follow him. "We'll discuss whether you're welcome to stay or not, Techno, but for now let's get out of the open."

Entering last, Wilbur shut the gate. As the trio made their way down the stairs to the deeper levels of their refuge, Wilbur turned to Technoblade once more, his rage clear in each of his steps, in each of his quivering breaths.

"How can you say you're on our side?" he fumed. "You just executed Tubbo! And under the President's command, no less!"

Silence. When Techno finally spoke again, his voice bore the same latent unease as before. "I was under *moderate* peer pressure…"

"PEER PRESSURE?" Tommy burst out, his face reddening. "How is that a fucking— THAT'S NOT AN EXCUSE, TECHNOBLADE!"

Wilbur's laugh broke through Tommy's rant, and the latter cast him a glance. The fallen general had a hand pressed to his eyes. *What had happened to his rage?* He turned to Tommy, and the blonde flinched. *There it was again. That new light in his eyes. What was that?* Wilbur had flipped moods like a switch, and Tommy feared this new mental

state far more than simple, predictable anger.

Wilbur cocked his head. “Wait, Tommy, before you freak out. This is great, actually.”

“Wha—” Tommy frowned. “What are you saying, Wilbur?”

“Don’t you see, Tommy?” They’d reached the main level of Pogtopia now, and Wilbur gestured to the walls surrounding them. Niki had laid Tubbo down on a bed, and was bandaging the wounds painted across his skin. She paused as the group entered, looking up.

Wilbur barrelled forward. “This is magnificent, Tommy, do you see why? This, *this treachery,* it shows that no one really cares about us or about our cause.”

“Wilbur, I don’t think—” Techno’s voice bore caution, but Wilbur continued, not to be impeded.

“Shut up, Techno, you’re part of this too. Ha! Techno! A yes man!” He threw his head back and laughed again, and Tommy felt a chill crawl down his spine and dread settle in his heart. “This is just wonderful, Tommy, really, it is. No one cares about us. No one cares about *justice* or *L’manberg*. They’re all just following whoever has the most power. Everyone’s just — ha! — everyone’s just doing as they’re told!”

Taking a wary step backwards, Tommy fought to keep his voice from betraying how unsettled he felt. “I think that’s a bit of a reach, Will.”

“Ah, Tommy,” Wilbur sighed, reaching out to touch Tommy’s face. The teenager recoiled, but Wilbur simply shook his head, his sickly smile still plastered on his face. “You’re so naive. Don’t you see? No one has any honour here.”

Techno took a step towards Wilbur, coming in between him and Tommy. “I think you’ve said enough, Will.”

“Do whatever you like to redeem your ‘*reputation*’ , Techno.” Wilbur began to move away, but hesitated, turning to face the pacifying warrior once more. “Actually, Techno, wait. I’m sorry — your reputation is just *fine* by me. In fact, I’d like to thank you.”

Tommy’s face contorted. “You—you WHAT?”

“You’ve shown me something, Techno,” Wilbur continued, ignoring him. “You’ve shown me that none of this *matters* anymore. This is no longer about *saving* Manberg.

Manberg cannot be redeemed. And so, this is now about *blowing up* Manberg. This is about finishing it.” Leaning past Techno’s figure, Wilbur gazed — *or was that a glare?* — at Tommy with that same sickly, sickening smile.

“Ah, Techno!” Wilbur made to put his arm around Technoblade’s shoulders, but the warrior flinched, sidestepping his ally’s embrace. “Technoblade, my hero. My fellow anarchist, my partner in chaos. You are for chaos, aren’t you, Technoblade?”

“I don’t know why you seem so surprised.” Slipping from where he stood pressed between Tommy’s rage and Wilbur’s manic congratulations, Techno strode across the room to his locker and unclipped his crossbow with shaking hands. “I’ve been upfront about the anarchy from the start. I made it clear from the start that I was here to end a corrupt —”

“See!” Wilbur crossed the room to reach Techno and clapped him on the back. Techno tensed, his jaw clenching as he exhaled slowly. Tommy watched him through narrowed eyes.

“Techno is just like us!” Wilbur’s gaze turned to Tommy. “Tommy, you can choose to not forgive Technoblade all you want, but I’m telling you now, he knows what he’s doing!”

“He—” Tommy shook his head, disbelief ringing in his ears. “No, Technoblade is NOTHING like us. He just—he just EXECUTED TUBBO! In front of a crowd!”

“Tommy, it’s oka—” Tubbo’s voice broke the tension, and Tommy whipped round. The injured boy was sitting half-up, leaning on the wall behind him. He looked calm, somehow. Tommy fumed. *How was he calm? How was EVERYONE so calm?* Turning back to Techno, he clenched his jaw.

“You’re just like the monster we’re trying to defeat! Or —I thought it was ‘we’. Clearly you’ve switched sides.”

“I didn’t —” Techno’s ears twitched as he fought to keep composure. “I was outnumbered. We were outnumbered. I know you’re not a tactical child, but surely you must see that.”

“Get out of here.” Tommy pointed to the stairs they had only just descended. “Leave. You’re not one of us, clearly.”

Techno stiffened. “Do you think you can defeat Manberg without my help?”

"We don't need help from the likes of you!" Tommy raged. "You nearly *killed* Tubbo! Why?"

"I was pressured, Tommy! What don't you understand?"

"I don't understand how peer pressure can be an excuse for attempted murder!"

"I don't do well in high stress situations, Tommy!"

Tommy crossed his arms. "Except for war."

"That's different!"

"HOW IS THAT DIFFERENT?"

"Actions are simpler, Tommy. You have a goal and you execute it. But talking… words… debate… that's something else entirely. People can corner you and twist what you've said. They assault your mind. You can defend your body. With what weapons can you blunt or block someone's words?"

Wilbur drifted closer. "Oh he's mad now!" he giggled, and Tommy winced. "Oh, watch out, Techno, Tommy's angry at you. Look at him... LOOK AT HIM! Look at his eyes, look at his little balled fists. Look, he's pissed at you, Technoblade. The little boy's angry."

"Tubbo?" Tommy shot a glance at his friend. "How can you just *sit there* with the man who tried to murder you just a few feet away?"

Tubbo looked from the warrior to Tommy, and back. "I—"

"No no no, hang on a minute," Wilbur interjected. "I want Tubbo to speak for himself. Tubbo, how do you feel about this situation?"

Tubbo averted his gaze from Wilbur's, but the former president made his way across the room and crouched beside the bed. "Listen—" Tommy could barely make out Wilbur's words, but a part of him knew Wilbur fully intended for him to hear them. *He's playing with us. He's doing this on purpose.*

Then why are you still yelling at Techno? Why are you still playing into Wilbur's traps?

"Listen, Tubbo," Wilbur hissed. "Tell Tommy how much you hate Technoblade. Tell

him how much you want to see that *murderer* brought to justice. He's on the edge—the *very edge* of cracking right now, and I want to see them fight. I want to see Tommy lose his mind and try to fight Technoblade."

"Wha—" Tubbo shrank away, shaking his head. "No. NO! I'm not doing that!"

"Why not?" Wilbur crossed his arms, his looming stance dwarfing Tubbo. "Don't you hate Technoblade?"

"I—no!" Tubbo pushed himself up from the bed, coming to his feet despite Niki's protests. "No, I don't hate him. I mean—it was a difficult situation. We were wildly outnumbered. He was pressured. I've forgiven him."

Tommy choked. "WHAT?!"

"Yeah, Tommy," Tubbo turned to his friend. "I've forgiven Technoblade. You should too."

"No!" Tommy felt his face redden again, his blood boiling. "NO! No, Technoblade, you betrayed all of us! You only came here to be on our side and you betrayed all of us! I can't stand traitors."

Yet, somehow you've not stood up to Wilbur yet. Are you hiding from the truth, Tommy? Are you projecting your rage onto Technoblade because you can't yet accept what's really causing it? Have you transplanted the villainy of this story?

"YES!" Wilbur's ecstatic laugh echoed through the stone chamber. "Hold on you two. I was hoping for something like this. I've made a combat pit. Simple problem solving. No armor, just fists. You two can settle this with blows once and for all."

Wilbur led the group down a small passage to a hollowed out stone room with a pit in the floor. Tommy shivered as he stood on the edge, but he began to remove his armor nonetheless.

"Tommy." There was Tubbo's hand on his shoulder. *How was Tubbo's hand steadier than his?* "You don't have to do this."

Tommy met his friend's gaze. "I do. Techno tried to murder you. I can't let him get away with that."

"I—" Frowning, Tubbo glanced at the warrior and then at Wilbur, who stood on the

edge of the darkened pit. “I said I’ve forgiven him. What is this really about, Tommy?”

What is this really about, Tommy? If you go into that pit, who are you really fighting?

“C’mon!” Wilbur’s voice pierced his thoughts. “Get in, Techno. Get in, Tommy!”

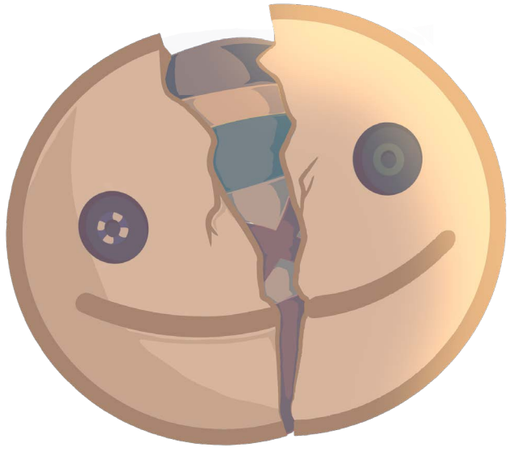
“You don’t have to do this…” Tubbo reiterated. Tommy hesitated at the pit’s edge, looking down on where Techno had begun unclipping his weapons and loosening the clasp of his cape.

You don’t have to do this.

“Get *in*, Tommy!” Wilbur’s hands were cold and hard as he shoved Tommy forward and into the pit. He stumbled to his feet, glancing back up to where Wilbur stood. Lit from behind, his face was shrouded in shadow, but even so Tommy could clearly see the pleasure within.

You don’t have to do this, Tommy.

Tommy cracked his knuckles and turned to Technoblade. “Yes. Yes I do.”



EVEN AFTER TUBBO’S FORGIVEN HIM, TOMMY STILL CHOOSES TO FIGHT.

HE FOLLOWS HIS EMOTIONS TOO MUCH.

THAT’S WHY HE’LL NEVER REALLY BE IN CONTROL.

TOMMY WILL THROW THE FIRST PUNCH...

WHENEVER HE FEELS READY.

YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS, TOMMY?

I-I THINK...

JUST... TOMMY,

DO WHAT YOU THINK IS RIGHT

WE CAN SETTLE OUR FEELINGS WITH OUR FISTS, BUT WHEN WE COME OUT OF HERE--WIN OR LOSE--NO HARD FEELINGS.

YOU KILLED TUBBO, TECHNO.

...

YOU KILLED MY RIGHT HAND MAN, TOOK ORDERS FROM SCHLATT--

OH? SO IT'S WILBUR'S AUTHORITY YOU'RE PROTECTING?

I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR WILBUR. NONE OF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH WILBUR.

YOU JUST--

YOU BETRAYED US, TECHNO.

YOU BETRAYED US.

YES YES!
GET IT OUT, TOMMY!
THINK OF WHAT HE DID!

...AND THERE WE GO

THIS ISN'T OVER!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU THREW THE FIRST PUNCH. WE RESOLVED OUR CONFLICT--

--WE RESOLVED NOTHING!

WELL, THEN WHAT WAS IT ALL FOR?

TOMMY, THE THING IS, YOU'RE USING WORDS.

BUT THE THING ABOUT THIS WORLD, TOMMY, IS THAT THE ONLY UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE IS VIOLENCE.

SMA SH

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!?

QUACKITY, MY DEAR QUACKITY...

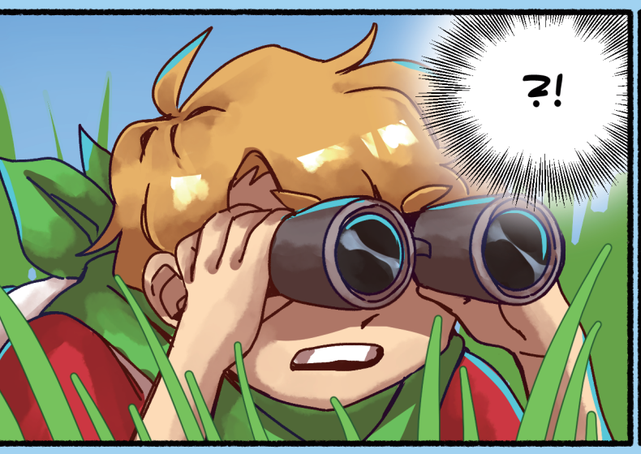
NOT ANOTHER WORD OUT OF YOU

DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK WHEN I SEE YOU?

FLATTY

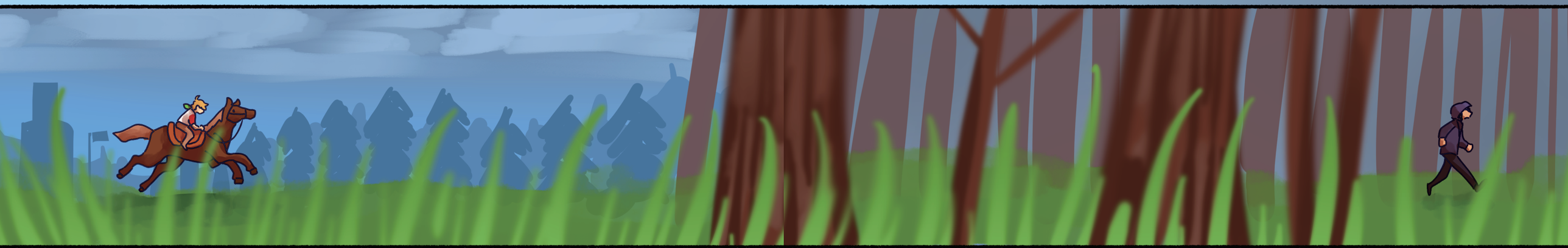
PATTY

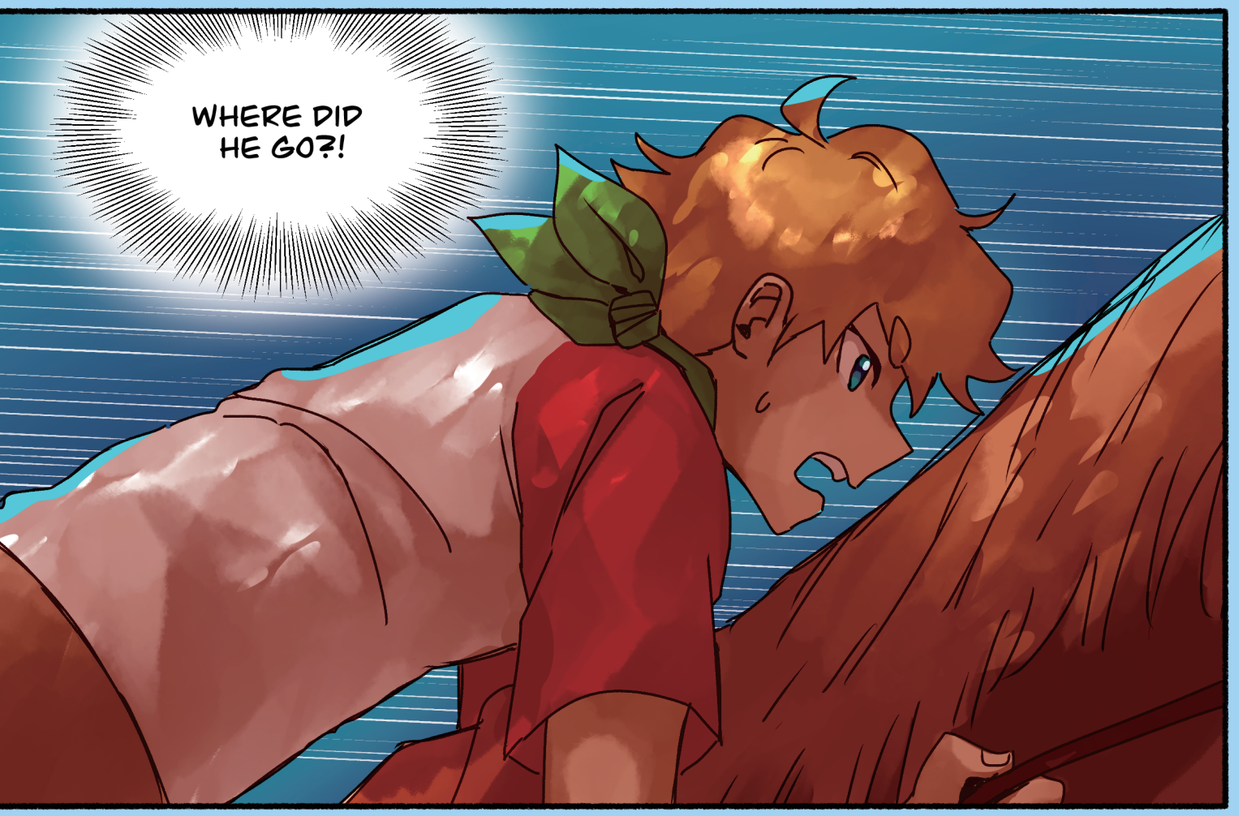
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU.


?!

BIG Q! WAIT!

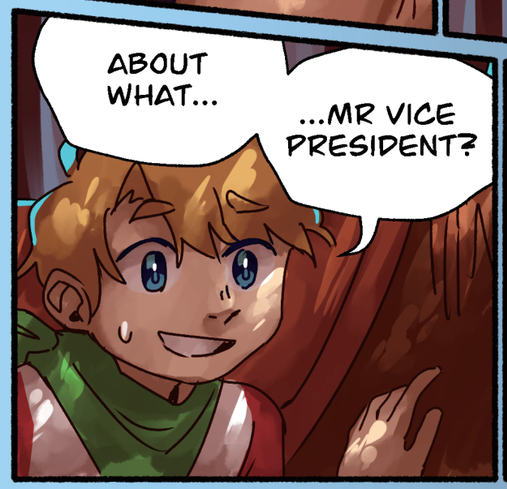
!




WHERE DID HE GO?!

OOOOOO

TOMMY! MY FRIEND!
WHAT A SURPRISE! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU!


ABOUT WHAT...
...MR VICE PRESIDENT?

VERY FUNNY, TOMMY
BUT I'M NOT VICE PRESIDENT ANYMORE

I'LL KEEP IT SHORT AND SWEET-

I WANT TO KILL SCHLATT

...AND?

AND...

I WAS WONDERING IF WE COULD WORK TOGETHER

HAPPY TO HELP.

SO, WHAT DID YOU WANT TO SHOW US?

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE READY TO SEE IT?

I FOUND IT.

CLICK
WHAT THE-
FUCK?!
MY L'MANBERG
I HEARD THERE WAS A SPECIAL PLACE
MY L'MANBERG
WHERE MEN
TNT
QUACKITY- YOU WEREN'T HERE YESTERDAY SO YOU DIDN'T KNOW
I WAS GOING TO BLOW UP THE EVENT
THERES FOUR STACKS OF TNT UNDER MANBERG, RIGGED TO BLOW IT SKY HIGH
TODAY I SAW A CERTAIN SOMEONE IN MANBERG!
AND I THOUGHT, WHAT AN AMAZING OPPORTUNITY!
SO RIGHT NOW,
I CAN DO WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO

WHAT ARE YOU-
ONCE I'M THROUGH YOU I'M GOING TO PRESS THAT FUCKING BUTTON
WILBUR-
TNT
THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT THING TO DO
THINK OF WHO YOU'LL HURT! TUBBO! NIKI!
WE CAN STILL TAKE IT BACK!!
YOU'RE GOING TO HURT SO MANY MORE PEOPLE THAN YOU'RE GOING TO SAVE!

ENOUGH!!
GET OFF ME!!
MY
TNT
TNT
IF YOU PRESS IT, YOU'LL KILL EVERYONE, NOT JUST YOURSELF
FUCK IT! FUCK YOU!!
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE IT SO HARD?!

TOMMY-

YOU LOVE L'MANBERG, DON'T YOU?

AND BIG Q, YOU WANT TO HELP?

IF YOU BLOW IT UP, YOU'RE NOT JUST RUINING YOUR L'MANBERG-

YOU'RE RUINING EVERYONE'S L'MANBERG.

COME ON

LET'S GET BACK TO POGTOPIA!

...HAVE YOU HEARD OF CHEKOV'S GUN, TOMMY?

IT'S A PLOT DEVICE WHERE...

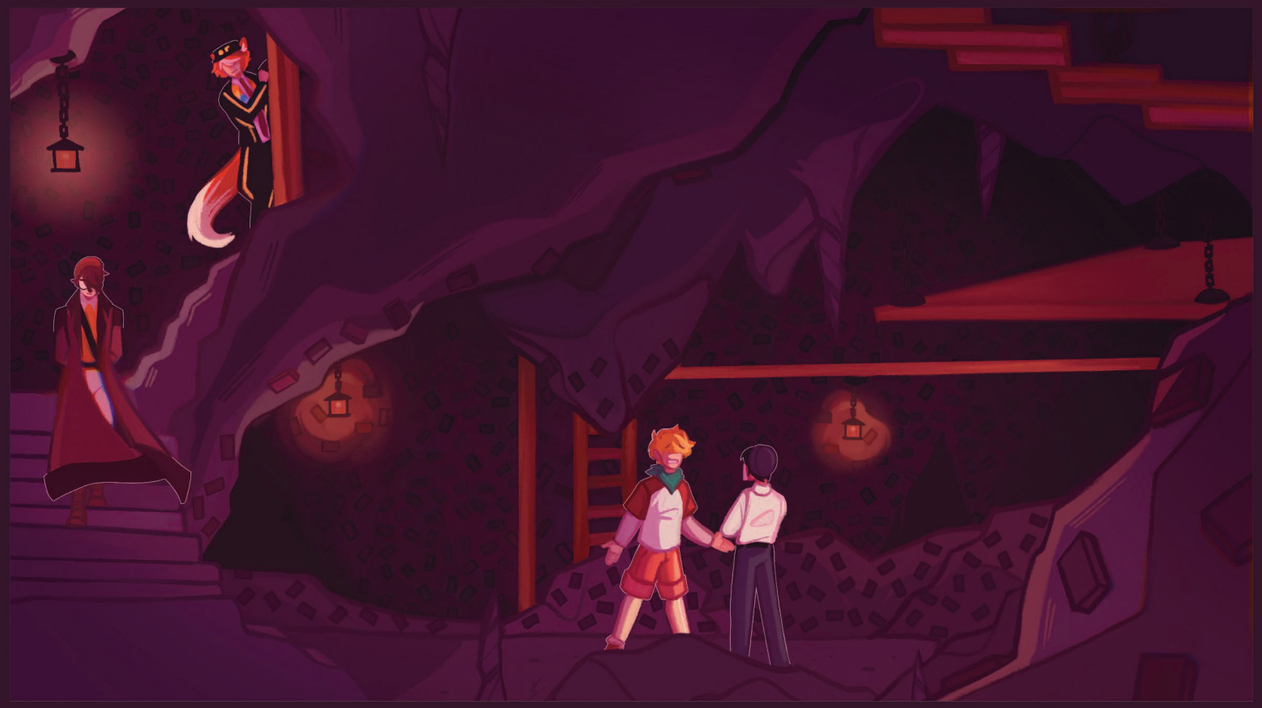
IF YOU TEASE SOMETHING FOR LONG ENOUGH, IT'S BOUND TO HAPPEN.

GENTLEMEN!
MAY I HAVE A WORD FOR ONE MINUTE?
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
IT'S BEEN A REALLY GOOD EVENING.
A FINE EVENING, WOULD YOU SAY?
A FINE EVENING FOR SOME...
WILBUR?
DOUBLE-CROSSING.

WILBUR, COME WITH ME.
I HAVE SOMETHING TO HELP YOU.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I'VE BEEN DOCUMENTING EVERY ACTION SCHLATT HAS TAKEN SINCE HE STEPPED FOOT ON THE PODIUM.
SCHLATT ISN'T AS POWERFUL AS HE PORTRAYS HIMSELF TO BE!
WILBUR...
?
I NEED YOU TO READ THIS FROM PAGE 15.

A SPY'S DIARY
THE FOLLOWING IS CONFIDENTIAL.
SCHLATT HAS A SEVERE ADDICTION TO ALCOHOL AND CIGARETTES TO SUPPRESS HIS ACHING BODY.
he is unwilling to get it checked due to his pride.
HE SEEMS TO GET WEAKER BY THE DAY.
YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, WIL! IF THE SYMPTOMS PROGRESS, HE MAY SUFFER FATAL CONSEQUENCES.
HE COULD DIE.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
SCHLATT IS UNAWARE THAT HE STANDS ALONE.
HE HAS NO POWER, HIS ENTIRE STAND IS A FACADE!
FUNDY... YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON I THOUGHT WAS ON SCHLATT'S SIDE.
WELL, HE THINKS THE SAME.
SCHLATT IS AT HIS WEAKEST POINT AS WE SPEAK.

FUNDY,
I DESPISE YOU.
YOU ARE MY SON, AND YET YOU'VE BETRAYED ME.
BUT... IF HE'S REALLY ALONE...
IF WE BLOW UP L'MANBERG NOW...
WIL-
...ONLY SCHLATT WILL BE AFFECTED! IT'S BRILLIANT!!



WILBUR!

USCHLATT GAVE ME SOMETHING

AH SHIT-

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
WHAT DID HE GIVE YOU?

WHAT COULD HE HAVE GIVEN YOU?

I CAN'T SAY, BUT IT MEANS I WILL HAVE TO DEFEND MANBERG
WAIT- WHAT?

WELL IT'S A SECRET! I MEAN, I DON'T CARE ABOUT MANBERG, YOU CAN STILL BLOW IT UP IF YOU WANT
AWESOME! SO THE PLAN IS-
WHERE DID HE COME FROM-
AH!
NO NO NO

DREAM I-
ELABORATE, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IT WAS JUST, HE GAVE ME HIS SIGNATURE ON AN AGREEMENT
x Schlatt x
WHAT, A MERCH PLUG OR SOMETHING?
HE CAN WRITE?!

NOTHINGS MORE POWERFUL THAN FRIENDSHIP!

DREAM WHAT'S YOUR DEAL! WHAT DID SCHLATT GIVE YOU?
TOMMY JUST LET HIM- YOU'RE BEING RUDE, GET SOME MANNERS

SAYING ANY MORE WOULD GIVE AWAY TOO MUCH
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE AWAY LOTS, CAUSE THEN I'D KNOW

NO NO IT'S FINE! HERE'S HOW I SEE IT

WILBUR WE'RE TRYING TO HAVE A REBELLION HERE
WE'RE DOING A POLITE REBELLION
I THOUGHT MANNERS AND POLITENESS DIDN'T MATTER ONCE YOU RIGGED THOSE BOMBS UNDER SCHLATT'S HOUSE

...

DREAM'S A LITTLE BIT OF A TECHNO CHARACTER, DREAM JUST WANTS TO BE ON THE SIDE OF THE REBELLION
NOW THAT WE'RE THE DOMINANT FORCE YOU WANT TO BE ON THE OTHER TEAM
WOULDN'T YOU SAY THAT, DREAM?

NO
I WOULD SAY MY INTEREST IS MORE WITH MYSELF, WHAT I'VE BEEN GIVEN IS MORE POWERFUL THAN FRIENDSHIP

WELL, HERE'S THE THING
I WAS THINKING.. DREAM LET'S DO THIS LIKE A GENTLEMAN'S DUEL; INSTEAD OF THIS DIRTY WAR WE'RE PLANNING WE PICK A DATE, PICK A TIME, AND WE HAVE THE WAR.. EITHER WE TAKE L'MANBERG BACK
OR WE BLOW IT ALL UP!
THAT'S WHERE IT ENDS... DOES THAT SOUND GOOD, DREAM?
WELL THAT WON'T HAPPEN

I'M FINE WITH WHATEVER WILBUR WANTS

SO IS THAT IT?

WE HAVE GOT TO PREPARE

FUNDY, CAN WE COUNT ON YOU?

OH! I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW...

...IN ADVANCE...

YOU MAY HAVE TRAITORS IN YOUR RANKS

WHAT?!

CAN YOU TELL US?

I'LL SAY THIS: THE TRAITOR WILL BE MORE SURPRISING THAN ERET, AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE IT COMING...

...IT MAY EVEN RUIN YOUR WHOLE PLAN!

WELL IT'S NOT ME

IF I WAS THE TRAITOR, YOU WOULD HAVE PROBABLY FIGURED IT OUT BY NOW

CONSIDERING I'VE ALREADY SAID I WANT TO BLOW EVERYTHING UP!

SO IT'S OFFICIAL, WE'RE GOING TO WAR

I HOPE SO...

YEAH WE ARE...

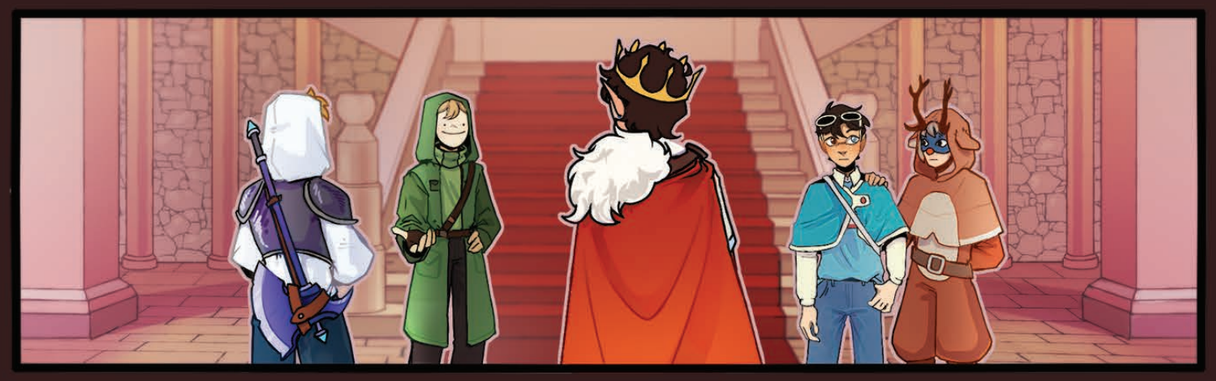
...AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE!

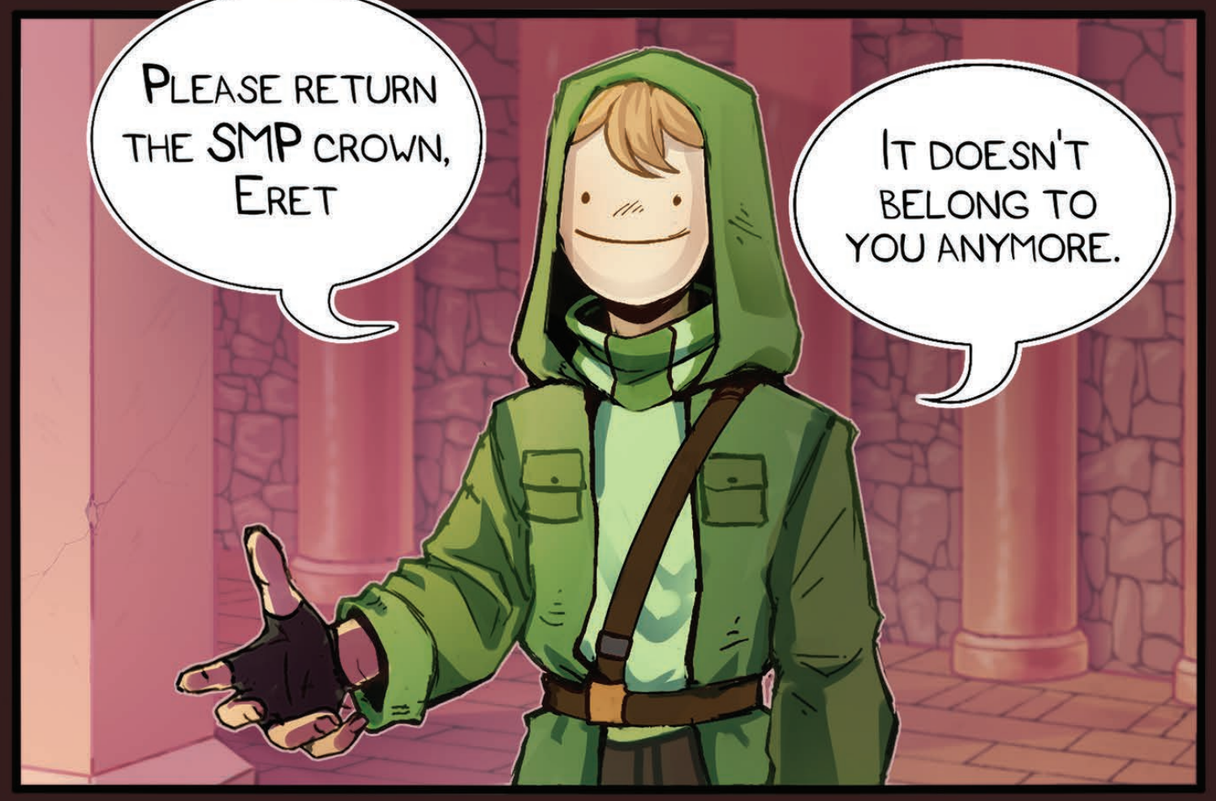
SO THAT SETTLES IT

TEN DAYS

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

I'LL SEE YOU THEN, DREAM



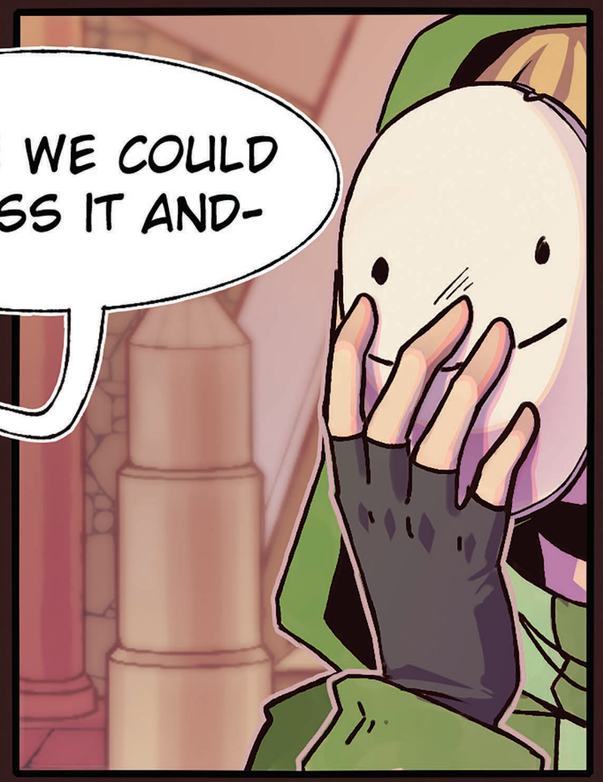


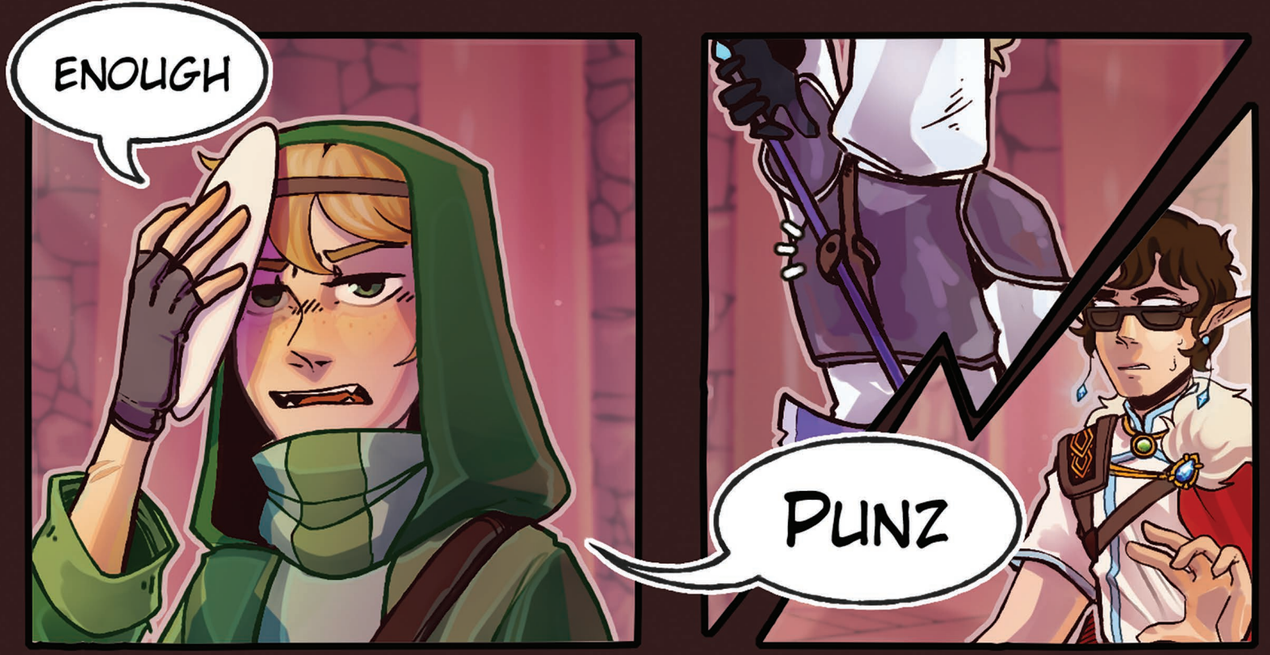
I CAN'T SORRY
SO...

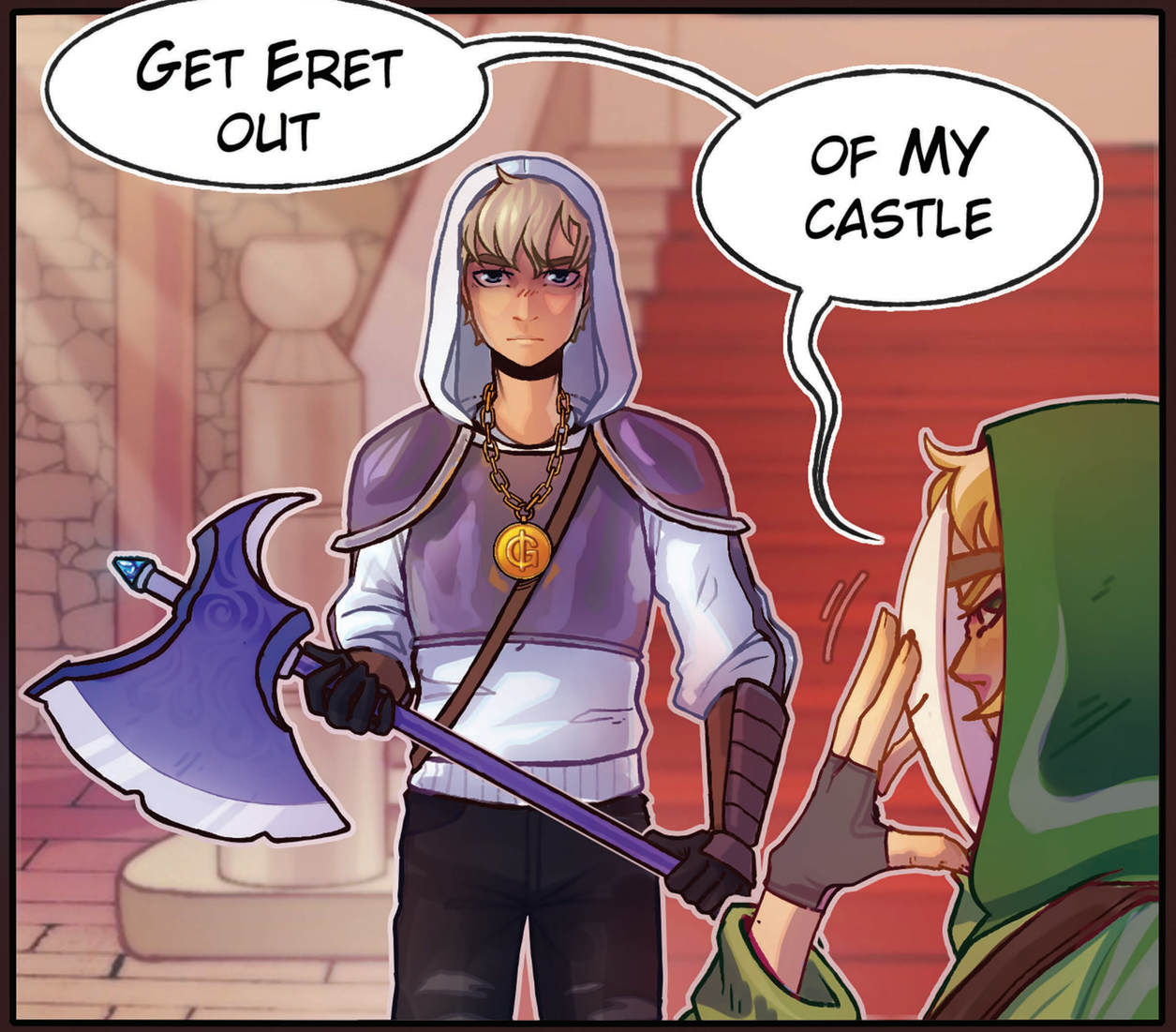
LEAVE THE CASTLE

I...

DREAM, I...
MAYBE WE COULD DISCUSS IT AND-




ENOUGH
PUNZ


GET ERET OUT
OF MY CASTLE

WHAT DO YOU THINK GIVES YOU POWER?
IS IT THE CROWN ON YOUR HEAD?
...OR IS IT THE RESPECT YOU INHERIT FROM THE TITLE OF "KING"?
IF "RESPECT" IS THE ONLY THING PROTECTING YOU FROM A KNIFE IN THE BACK...
THEN, RESPECT IS NOTHING, RIGHT?

FINALLY.

WILBUR.

ARE YOU DONE? WE GOTTA GO.

WE'RE HEADING TO MY VAULT NOW. AFTER THAT...

...I THINK YOU KNOW.

EVERYONE!! THIS IS OUR FINAL STOP!

TAKE WHAT YOU NEED, AND DON'T YOU DARE FORGET ANYTHING!

WILBUR... JUST WATCH. I'LL SAVE OUR HOME. AND THEN...

...I'LL SAVE YOU!!

SCHLATT...

I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE YOU WERE A BAD PERSON...

EVEN IF IT'S TO BEAT SCHLATT, I STILL DON'T WANNA WORK WITH HIM ...

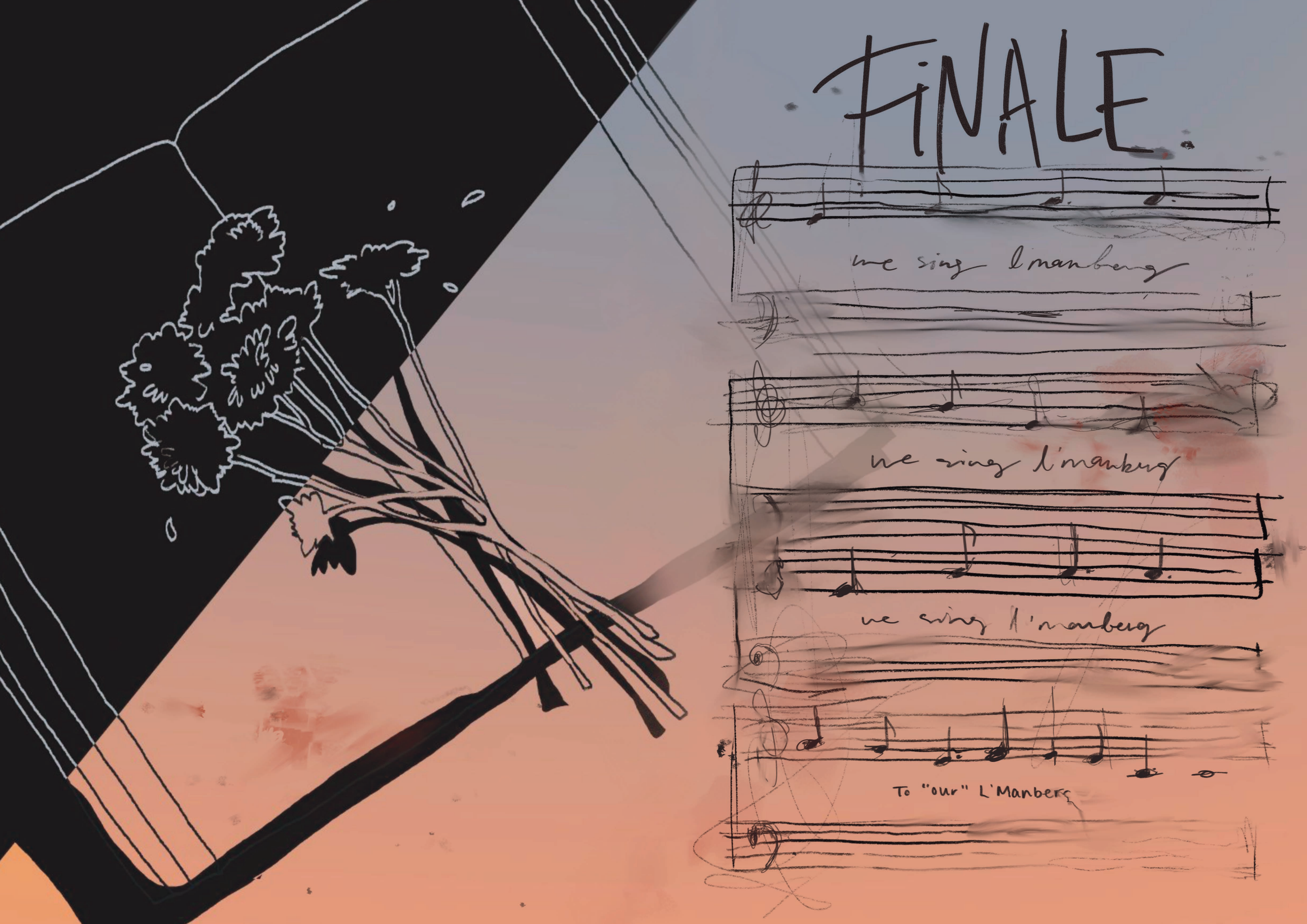
I GET TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE EVERYONE ONE LAST TIME, HUH...?

I WON'T GIVE UP MY HOME WITHOUT A FIGHT... CERTAINLY NOT TO A TYRANT LIKE HIM.

HE'LL PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO TUBBO... TO EVERYBODY... BUT MOSTLY, TO ME..!!

ARE YOU READY?

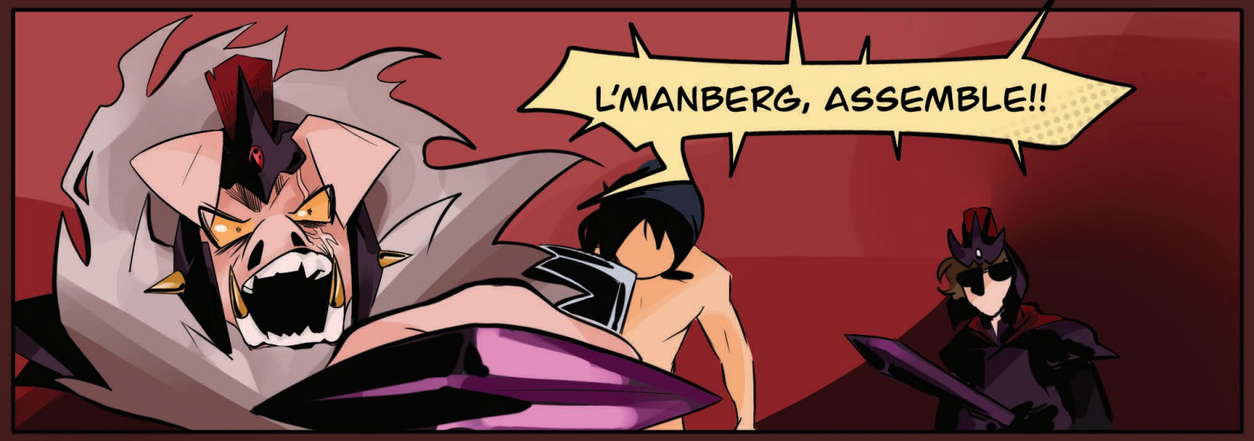
LET'S FINISH THIS.

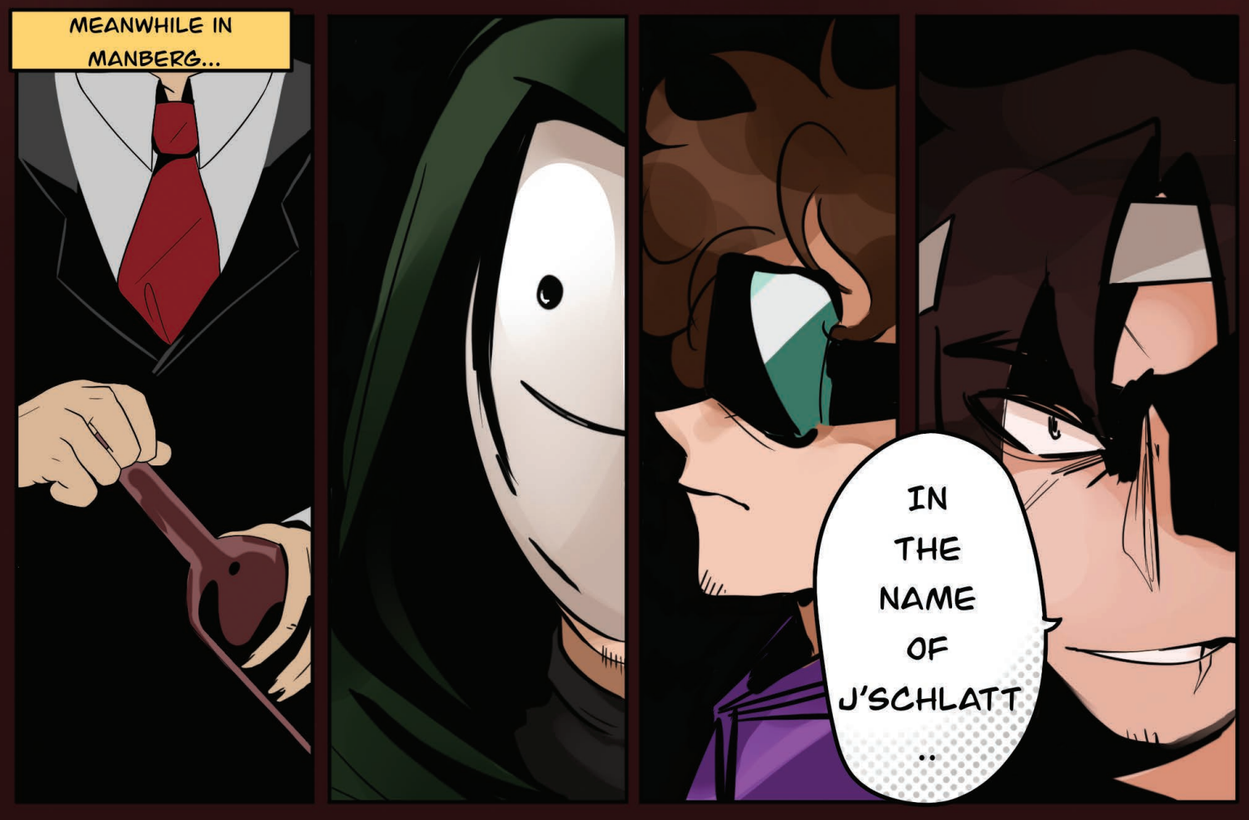

FINALE
we sing l'manberg
we sing l'manberg
we sing l'manberg
To "our" L'Manberg

AT THE END OF THE DAY, IF THIS DOESN'T GO WELL I'M GONNA BLOW THE PLACE TO SMITHEREENS..
BUT IT WILL GO WELL!
DO YOU KNOW WHY IT'S GONNA GO WELL,
TOMMY..?

WHY IS IT GONNA GO WELL-
BECAUSE...

THERE IS NO ONE ON SCHLATT'S SIDE...


L'MANBERG, ASSEMBLE!!


MEANWHILE IN MANBERG...
IN THE NAME OF J'SCHLATT ..

JESUS CHRIST

HOW DO I KNOW THIS ISN'T A TRAP?

ARE THEY GONNA KILL US IN HERE?

EVERY-ONE SHUSH! BE QUIET GUYS

SCHLATT WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

CAN YOU HEAR ME, SCHLATT?

SCHLATT ARE YOU THERE? WHA
DOING IN MY DRUG VAN? IT BETTER N
LOL. SCHLATT CAN YOU HEAR ME?
NT OF YOU.
IWI SCHL
LATT SCH.
TT SCHL
ATT SCH
CHLATT
SCHLA

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

...

WILBUR-

I THINK HE IS DRUNK

OH, WILBUR.

WHEN DID YOU GET HERE?

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

GOOD QUESTION... WHY AM I HERE?

IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED TO SHOW ME, DREAM?

IS THIS YOUR LEADER?

WHAT A LEADER, HUH?

HE IS NOT MY LEADER

SO WHAT- OKAY THEN DREAM, WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

... DO YOU WANT ME TO END IT?

NO, DON'T END IT. HE'S JUST... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HIS ARMOR WEN-

FUNDY?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND ON THAT SIDE?

GET OVER HERE, FUNDY, YOU COWARD!

SCHLATT? SCHLATT YOU MESSED UP THE COUNTRY. YOU MESSED EVERYTHING UP.

YOU HAD A DREAM AND I FOLLOWED IT BUT YOU BROUGHT IT DOWNHILL!

BREAK IT UP!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMETHING.

OH YEAH I'M SOMETHING, ALRIGHT. SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT, FUNDY.

I'M A MAN.

ALRIGHT, THAT'S IT.

SCHLATT ARE YOU READY TO DIE?!

TOMMY. LOOK AT ME.

DO YOU STILL HAVE DREAM'S CROSSBOW?

I DO.

I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE ARROW,

AND PUT IT BETWEEN HIS EYES.

YOU KNOW, IF I DIE, THIS COUNTRY GOES DOWN WITH ME.

NO IT DOESN'T, SCHLATT

WE-

YOU COULD'VE HAD IT, SCHLATT. YOU COULD'VE HAD IT ALL.

I HAD EVERYBODY TURN ON ME. IN MY TIME OF NEED, EVERYBODY LEFT.

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU, SCHLATT!

YOU LEFT.

YOU LEFT ME JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

JUST THINKING ABOUT IT-

MAKES ME... SICK...

ANYONE SMELL TOAST?

AFTER THE SUDDEN DEATH OF SCHLATT, MANBERG'S ONLY PRESIDENT...

...THE INAUGURATION OF A NEW LEADER WHO COULD REBUILD THE NATION NEEDED TO QUICKLY BE HELD.

THE PEOPLE LOOKED TO WILBUR FIRST, WHO SURPRISINGLY DECLINED.

SORRY, BUT THIS STUFF'S A BIT OUT OF MY LEAGUE.

HA HA

AFTER THE LAST ELECTION AND THE REVOLUTION, I CAN'T BE YOUR LEADER ANYMORE.

BESIDES...

I NEED TO FIGHT FOR MY LAST DISC BACK NOW. I DON'T WANT TO ENDANGER THE COUNTRY BECAUSE OF THAT

OR RATHER... I REALIZE THAT YOU DON'T WANT ME TO BE.

FOR REASONS UNKNOWN AT THE TIME, HE PASSED THE PRESIDENTIAL DUTIES TO TOMMY, OF ALL PEOPLE.

HEH.

TCH!

AFTER TOMMY HIMSELF DECLINED THE OFFER, THERE WAS ONLY ONE PERSON LEFT HE COULD POSSIBLY CONSIDER GIVING THE ROLE TO.

HUH?

WAIT ME?!

UH!!

I DEFINITELY DIDN'T EXPECT THIS AT ALL...

SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS...

AND ENEMIES THAT I HONESTLY DON'T HATE THAT MUCH...

I THINK RIGHT NOW WE NEED TO FOCUS ON UNITY, ALL OF US FOUGHT FOR THIS NATION AT SOME POINT.

AGAINST, OR TO RECLAIM.

AND THAT COUNTS FOR SOMETHING, RIGHT? S-SO...

Yeah!

SO FROM HERE ON OUT.

WE AREN'T GOING TO HAVE ANY ENEMIES.

LET'S ASSIMILATE AND MAKE L'MANBERG A PLACE WHERE EVERYONE CAN FEEL FREE!

I THINK KEEPING THOSE UGLY WALLS GONE IS A GOOD START!

YESSS AGREED !!!

THE RE-MADE COUNTRY... WAS GOING TO BE CALLED "NEW L'MANBERG"

MY
L'MANBURG
YOU NEEDN'T
A SPECIAL
PLACE
MY
Ph1LzA joined the game

PRESIDENT TUBBO!!
THANKS, GUYS. I'M- I'M EXCITED!
WOOO!!
YEAH!!
TCH...
GRAB
!!!
TUBBO!!!
THAT'S ENOUGH.
PLEM

PHIL?
MHM...
IN L'MANBERG, YOU SAID...
BUT... THIS IS L'MANBERG-
...
A SPECIAL PLACE
EMANCIPATE
OF THEIR RULERS
LMANBERG
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS BUTTON IS?

HAVE YOU HEARD THE SONG... ON THE WALLS BEFORE?

MY LMANBERG

LMANBERG

LMANBERG

LMANBERG LMANBERG LMANBERG

BRUTALITY AND TYRANNY

HAVE YOU HEARD THE SONG?

THIS PLACE IS

EMANCIPATE

OF THEIR RULERS

LMANBERG

SPECIAL PLACE

I WAS JUST SAYING- I MADE THIS BIG POINT-

THERE WAS A SPECIAL PLACE WHERE MEN COULD GO

B-BUT IT'S NOT THERE ANYMORE NOW...

IT'S NOT-

IT IS THERE

YOU'VE JUST WON IT BACK, WIL

YOU GUYS LISTEN TO ME!
I DID NOT SPEND *WEEKS* PLANNING THIS REVOLUTION,
GIVING YOU GUYS GEAR,
FOR YOU GUYS TO GO IN AND REPLACE ONE TYRANT WITH ANOTHER!

DON'T YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
DON'T YOU SEE HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF?
YOU THINK SCHLATT WAS THE CAUSE OF YOUR PROBLEMS?
NO!
IT WAS GOVERNMENT!
POWER CORRUPTS.

PHIL I'M ALWAYS SO CLOSE TO PRESSING THIS BUTTON, PHIL!

I HAVE BEEN HERE-

THERE WAS ECIAL PLACE

MANCIPATE

MEN COULD GO

LIKE SEVEN OR EIGHT TIMES

BRUTALITY AND TYRANNY

THEIR RULER

I HAVE BEEN HERE

PHIL I- I'VE BEEN HERE SO MANY TIMES

THIS PLA

NEEDNT FRET

LMANBERS

BOOM

BOOM

THEY'RE FIGHTING— THEY'RE FIGHTING!

BOOM

BOOM

AND YOU WANT TO JUST BLOW IT ALL UP?

I DO I DO-

I THINK... I-

YOU'VE FOUGHT SO HARD TO GET THIS LAND BACK

SO HARD

I DON'T- I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF IT WORKS ANYMORE, PHIL

I- I COULD PRESS IT... AND IT MIGHT-

DO YOU REALLY WANT TO TAKE THAT RISK?

THERE IS A LOT OF TNT POTENTIALLY CONNECTED TO THAT BUTTON

DO YOU WANT TO BE A HERO, TOMMY?

IS THAT WHAT THIS IS?

I JUST- I JUST WANTED L'MANBER-

YOU JUST WANTED **POWER.**

BUT THE THING ABOUT THIS WORLD,

TOMMY,

IS THAT GOOD THINGS DON'T HAPPEN TO HEROES.

LET ME TELL YOU A STORY. A STORY OF A MAN

CALLED THESEUS.

HIS COUNTRY WAS IN DANGER,

SO HE SENT HIMSELF FORWARD INTO ENEMY LINES.

HE SLAYED THE MINOTAUR, AND SAVED HIS CITY

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DID TO HIM, TOMMY?

THEY **EXILED** HIM.

HE DIED IN DISGRACE.

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO HEROES, TOMMY.

THERE WAS A SAYING, PHIL. BY A TRAITOR, ONCE PART OF LMANBERG

A TRAITOR I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE HEARD OF-

ERET?

HE HAD A SAYING, PHIL.

IF YOU WANT TO BE A HERO, TOMMY-

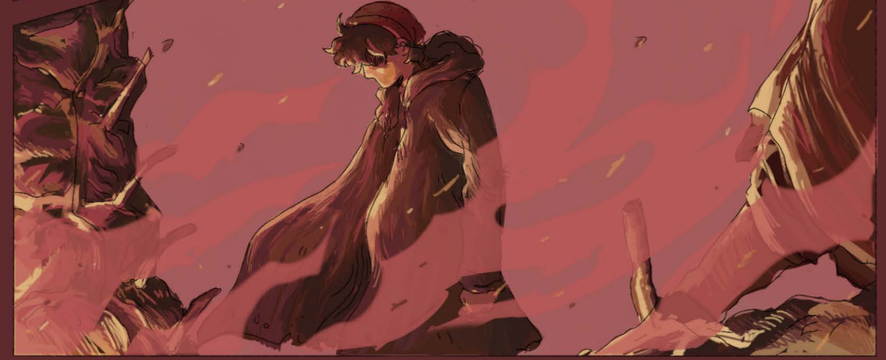
THEN DIE LIKE ONE!

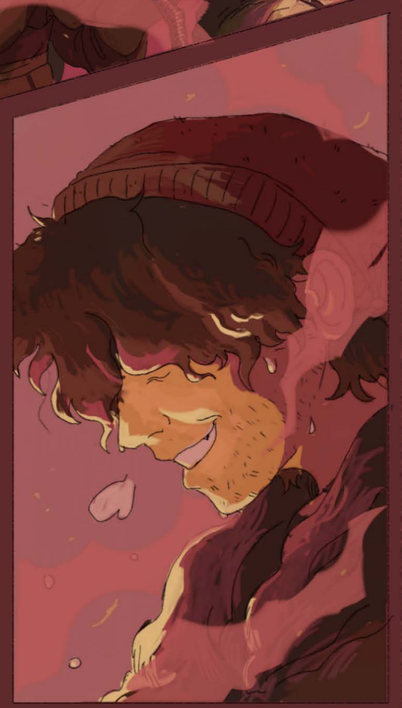
... IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE

OH MY GOD...

WILL...

IT'S ALL GONE!



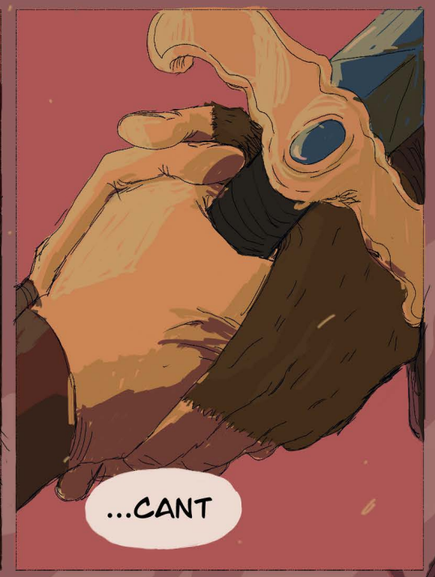


MY L'MANBERG, PHIL!
MY UNFINISHED SYMPHONY!
FOREVER UNFINISHED!

IF I CAN'T HAVE IT-
-NO ONE CAN!
WIL-
KILL ME.
KILLZA! KILLZA!
LOOK! THEY ALL WANT YOU TO
DO IT, PHIL
KILL ME, PHIL
YOU'RE MY SON!

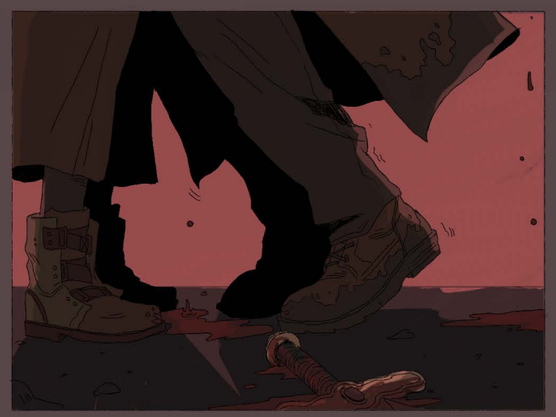
NO MATTER WHAT YOU...

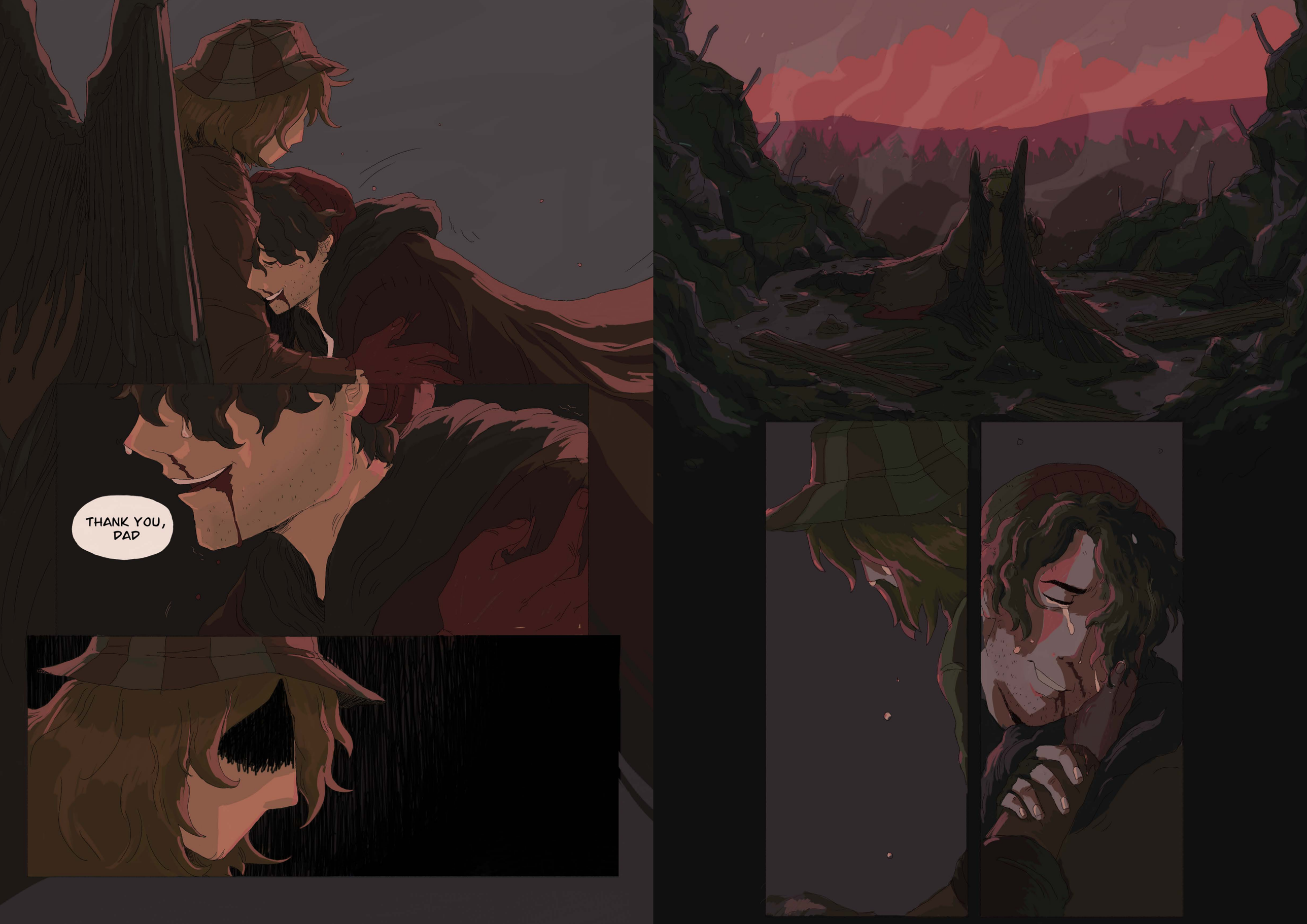
I...


...CANT

LOOK!
LOOK HOW MUCH WORK WENT INTO THIS!
NOW IT'S GONE!

DO IT.




THANK YOU, DAD

*shh
hk

My L'man

We sing L'Manberg, we sing
L'Manberg.

We sing L'Manberg, we sing
L'Man

TO THE READER,

A lot has changed since the first season of the DSMP; both within the server and without. I'm confident that everyone managed to capture the nostalgic essence of that first season. Thank you for reading. -Lucy

I have watched this project and community grow and pride does not even begin to describe how I feel. I sincerely hope you enjoyed! Thank you, dear reader, for supporting our artists. Without you, we would be nothing. -0.00009

Passion and dedication brings a person far, but when a team does it, the result is insurmountable. -Riken

I saw the sunrise on the first day of the DSMP, and watched the painting of its final dusk. Everyone has poured their heart and soul into this project, and the product is breathtaking, so please enjoy, dear reader. -Ake

Seeing so many people come together and give their most to this project has been an incredible experience, and I am beyond proud of what we have made. Thank you for supporting us - we wouldn't have been able to do it without you. -Kiwi

I knew nothing about DSMP coming into this project but I've found an incredible story brought to life by an amazing community of people. It's been an honor working with everyone, and I hope that you, the reader, enjoy seeing all the talent contained in these pages as much as I enjoyed reconstructing the story into a whole. -kroalias

This project has been a real dream for me, when I first came up with the idea of a graphic novel for the DSMP that was all it was, an idea. I thought this project up around the beginning of December 2020, the idea was rough and not too well shaped to be honest-- I couldn't have done anything without the moderation team who has been nothing but awesome throughout this whole project, thank you all so much for all the hard work you guys have done throughout the past 7-9 months. The "real" work started in March 2021, the mod team was complete and the contributors were in, everyone was so enthusiastic and we had a lot of support along the way. This road for sure has been filled with ups and downs but still we managed to see it through. I couldn't be happier with what we all have produced, all the skill and work put into this and the atmosphere the whole team had created was just beyond anything I could have imagined in the beginning.
Thank you, for believing and sticking with me, with us, until the end. :) -Eriyato

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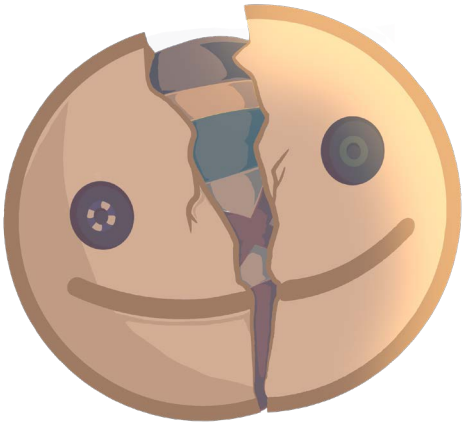

"MY UNFINISHED SYMPHONY ...
FOREVER UNFINISHED"
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